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The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

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ADMIRAL AUGUSTO AUBRY

Commander of the Italian fleet in the expeditionary force against Tripoli. He was a deputy in the Italian Parliament before the war, and for some months in 1905 was a Member of the Government. He is sixty-two years of age, and has highly distinguished himself by his dash and strategy at the Italian naval manœuvres. Photographed on board his flagship off Tripoli

Bystander Comments

ON VARIOUS TOPICS OF THE WEEK

Getting Monotonous

THERE was a poet in one of Mark Twain's books who composed poetry in a remote part of a wild district. Every time he sat down to compose he was interrupted by a mule dropping down the chimney. After this had happened about fifty times, he said, "This thing is getting monotonous." The British public is beginning to resemble that poet.

With wars, international and civil, national strikes, assassinations, we bore mildly enough. But when on Saturday morning it was placarded that a Republic had been proclaimed in China—in China of all countries of the world—well, this thing was getting monotonous. One wished to move to a quieter world wherein vast political upheavals did at least happen within decent intervals of one another.

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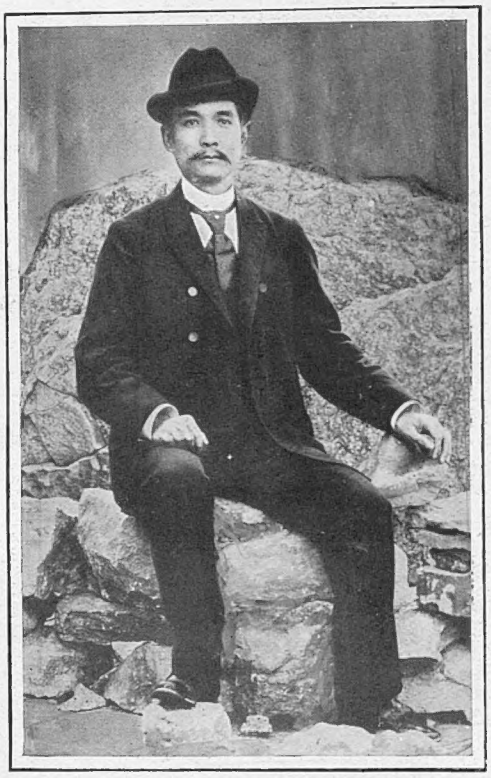
Fleet Street Solons

THE journalist is called upon at these times to be wondrous wise. No sooner than he has mastered the intricacies of Morocco, and is beginning to talk of Mogador and Agadir, and—what is the name of the other place?—when up crops Tripoli, and the places of the moment are promptly Derna, Benghazi, and so on. These were in their turn just beginning to get rightly pronounced when we find ourselves suddenly confronted with the awful hyphenated monosyllables of the Celestial Empire. We have to talk of Hankow and Wuchang as though we really believed them to be actual places, and to allude to the Mings and the Manchus as though we had played Rugger against them at Oxford.



THE FIRST CHINESE PRESIDENT?

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the leader of the Revolutionary movement in China, is determined to end the Monarchy. Dynasty has followed dynasty, he says, yet tyranny and corruption have remained. If the revolution succeeds, and this at the moment seems most probable, he should be the first President of the Chinese Republic

***

Does the Chinaman Know?

IF only the Chinese know one-hundredth as much about the revolution as does Fleet Street at the present moment, I may with difficulty be induced to believe that—say—a thousand years hence there may be enacted some slight modification in a Constitutional direction of certain of the political institutions of the Empire. But, personally, I have the gravest doubts whether at this moment the average Hankowite or Wuchanger has the remotest knowledge that anything at all has happened in his midst. There are even people in these islands of ours who are not aware that we are ourselves in the throes of a naked revolution, and that the end of all things not only happened with the passage of the George Budget but is going to happen again several times before Christmas, unless Lord W. de Broke kindly kills this corrupt, craven, and contemptible coalition.

***

The Halsbury Club

BY the way, I have forgotten to send in THE BYSTANDER'S name to the Halsbury Club. Now that the Die-Hards are devoting their attention to living problems, and are content with mere curses over the bones of the Veto Bill, one may find oneself in accord with their leaders over many things. It is true that their avowed programme does not inspire wild enthusiasm, but programmes in politics are like those of bands at restaurants. The conductor falls back on an occasional item upon them when he cannot think of anything else to play "by desire." In due course, when the Die-Hards get into close touch with political sentiment in the country, they, too, will find themselves "desired" to play so many tunes other than those on the programme that we shall hear little enough of those that are.

***

To Please the People?

THE brains of such active-minded men as Mr. F. E. Smith, Lord Selborne, Lord W. de Broke, and the others, are likely sooner or later to devise something that will really please the British democracy. For it is the democracy, my dear good friends, who do, and will continue, to hold the power in this country, no matter how dearly you love a lord, and pretend to dote on the military. By democracy, I may add, one does not necessarily mean the corduroy loafer, of whom you have seen photographs, but just the plain man in the street, and 'bus, and train, and cab, and theatre, and restaurant, and golfhouse.

National Pessimism

SO Mr. George will stand or fall by his Insurance Bill. That is manly of him. Probably it will be better for his political future if he falls, for if this legislative Absent-Minded Beggar goes to the front, he will leave so many little things behind him that his proud parent may wish he had never sent him. National Insurance is so deep a problem that we ought to have had it in the reviews, at dinners, and at debating societies many years before we had it in a Bill. Personally, unlike most of my fellow Tory Democrats, it is the principle, not the details of the scheme, that I dislike. I regard it as the Charter of National Pessimism.

***

The Political Trappist

FOR the Government to proclaim sickness and unemployment as conditions so inevitable is for it to sing its own death-song as the Social Reformer. Before the nation proceeds to sink millions of money in State Assurance, it should assure itself that there is not first a remedy for the evil things. Sickness is undoubtedly the result of evil social and sanitary conditions, unemployment of over-competition and commercial insecurity. To say that there is nothing for it but to insure places Mr. George in the position of a political Trappist monk. "Brother," he says unto us all, "thou must die—also fall ill—also lose thy employment." The true Tory answer is to ask him "Why?" And then to proceed to show him Why Not. This all seems like a carefully written quack advertisement for Tariff Reform, but that, let me say, is but one of the many minor medicines in the Tory chest of my dreams.

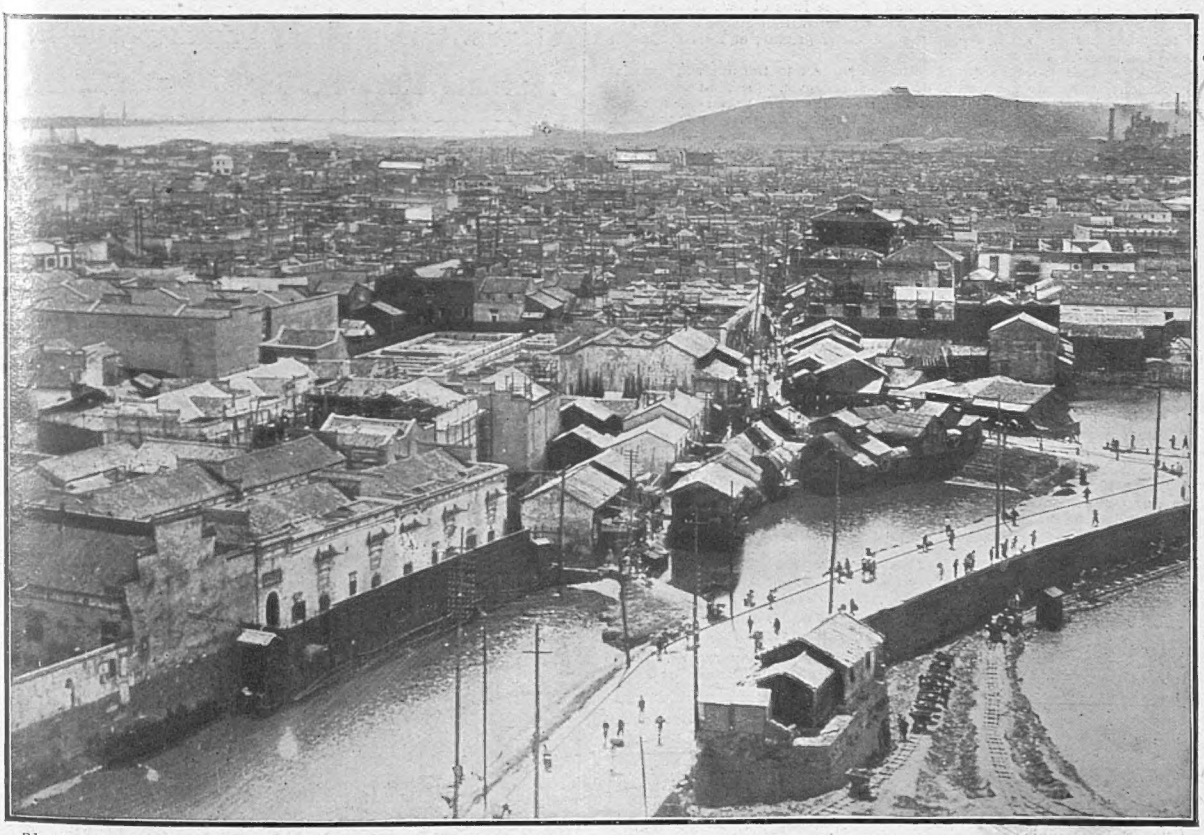
IMPERIAL CHINA'S HOPE

Yuan-Shi-Kai, "the greatest Chinaman of the generation," who has been recalled from exile to re-establish the Imperial Authority. Almost omnipotent under the Dowager-Empress, he was exiled by the Prince Regent in 1909

***

The Right to Strike

TO conclude with one word of warning. We are not yet out of the wood of the railway strike. Any day we may receive the report of the Commission, which will, I have reason to believe, be coloured favourably to the men. It will however, strike a deadly blow at the "right to strike," and though the so-called Labour leaders will be willing to settle, their "followers" will not. A little before Christmas, therefore, there *may* be a strike in the interests of the Right to Strike, and you are to be advised not to make too careful arrangements for your Christmas holidays this year.



Photograph *C. M. Alexander, Missionary Photo Central News*

CAPTURED BY THE CHINESE REVOLUTIONARIES: HANKOW (FROM THE WATER TOWER)

Hankow fell into the hands of the Chinese rebels last Thursday. Europeans were treated with consideration, probably owing to the fact that four British and a number of other countries' warships lay off the foreign Concessions on the banks of the Yang-Tze

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "NEW YORK" Ballet, LYDIA KYASHT Fred Farren, etc., GEORGE ROBEY, AERIAL SMITHS, MR. HYMACK, NELLA WEBB, IVY ST. HELIER. EVENINGS at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

DALY'S THEATRE, Every Evening, at 8.15. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Musical Production, "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG." English libretto by BASIL HOOD. Music by FRANZ LEHAR. MATINÉE, SATURDAY, at 2.15.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. Every Evening, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Musical Production, "PEGGY." By GEORGE GROSSMITH, Jun. Music by LESLIE STUART. MATINÉE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.

PRINCE OF WALES'. Every Evening, at 9. MR. CHARLES HAWTREY'S Production, "THE GREAT NAME." At 8.15, "A Sentimental Cuss." Matinée, Weds. and Sats., at 3.

WYNDHAM'S. GERALD du MAURIER and Company, in a New Comedy in Four Acts, entitled "THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND." By ALFRED SUTRO. Every Evening at 8.30. Matinée, Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT, FRIEDRICH FREKSÁ "RIALON," HAPPY FANNY FIELDS, BESSIE CLAYTON, and Star Co. 6d. to 7s. 6d. 7541 Gerrard.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Daily, 2 and 8. LEONCAVALLO conducting "ZAZA," NANCY PRICE and EDMUND GWENN in "SOME SHOWERS," THE HARLE-QUINADERS, and Star Co. 1s. to £4 4s. 650 Gerrard.

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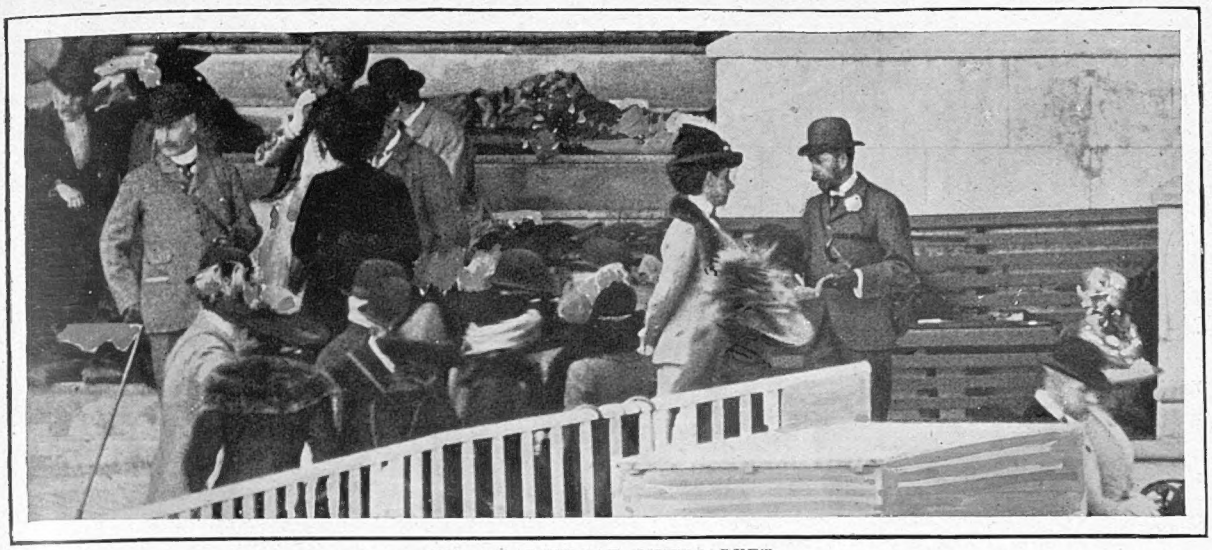


HIS MAJESTY AT NEWMARKET

At Court and in Society

The Court at Sandringham

THE King, when at Sandringham, is just a country gentleman, and very much he enjoys it. For to be a country gentleman is still among the pleasanter of the professions, Mr. Lloyd George notwithstanding. York Cottage, too, suits the simple tastes of modern Royalty. Built originally merely as an annexe to Sandringham, it is altogether too small for entertaining. Life there consequently, as a rule, resolves itself into a soothing round of sport and sleep, tempered by the telephone from London.

Royal Sport

The King, as all the world knows, is a splendid shot, and no expense is spared in the matter of the upkeep of his preserves, over which he shoots not a dozen times in the year. Royal shooting-parties, however, let no grass grow under their feet—or should I say birds fly over their heads?—when they are there, the average result of a single Sandringham shoot being, I believe, something like three thousand head.

And Hosts

The Lords Farquhar, Leicester, Iveagh, and Albemarle are among probable hosts of the King while he is at Sandringham. The Royal sojourn there this autumn is, however, to be very short, as His Majesty is to be at Newmarket again next week (putting up at the Jockey Club) for the Houghton Meeting, after which he will come to Town in preparation for the departure for the Durbar.

Newmarket

It seems you need only own a horse or two nowadays to get in anywhere—even to that one-time Holy of Holies, the Smart Racing Set — the Private Stand at Newmarket. Everyone who is anyone was, of course, at Newmarket last week, when autumn, especially on Cesarewitch day, was at its very mellowest and best.

On the Stand

In the Members' Stand there was not a vacant seat. The King chatted with intimates such as Lord Rosebery, Mrs. Leopold Rothschild (his dinner hostess), Lord Farquhar, Lady Mar and Kellie, Lady Wolverton, and Lady Derby. Just before the race for the Cesarewitch Stakes you could scarcely move in the paddock, and Mr. Charles Howard led in the astonishing Willonyx amid the most curious of glances.

PAR EXCELLENCE THE BRIDE OF THE AUTUMN

Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, who is to be married to Earl Percy, the eldest surviving son of the Duke of Northumberland, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, to-day (Wednesday)

The Northumbrian Marriage

It is not every day in the year that a Duke's daughter marries a Duke's son, and I foresee a mighty multitude in Eaton Square to-day, when, at the famous St. Peter's, Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, marries Earl Percy, future Duke of Northumberland. Several pages of THE BYSTANDER would soon be filled did I even begin to talk about the presents. So suffice it to say that the Royal cipher in diamonds on an enamel brooch has come from the King and Queen, while from Society in general, and her innumerable connections in particular, the bride has received more jewels than she could possibly wear even in a lifetime, and which, laid end to end, would, I should think, very nearly cross the Serpentine.

The Ducal Honeymoon

The honeymoon is to be spent at Albury, one of the Duke of Northumberland's numerous seats. It is on record that it was at Albury Park (where, by the way, the gardens, as at Syon and Alnwick, are very lovely), something like a century ago, that after a six days' discussion of the

Scriptures, there was originated that Catholic Apostolic Church—the Irvingite—of which both the Duke and Duchess are members.

Alnwick

The chief Northumbrian stronghold is not unlike Windsor. It rises above the town in a coronet of towers. It is an interesting old place, full of dungeons, keeps, private draw-wells, six-foot deep walls, battlements, and all the rest of it. At present there are four daughters of the Duke immured therein, but they, of course, will be set free when the heir comes into his own.

Round the Town

In Town, notwithstanding the pheasants and the partridges, the race meetings and hunting preparations up and down the October countryside, it is already very bright and gay, fit prelude to the 1911 Little Season, which, with Sandown, the opera, and many weddings, sets in this week in real earnest, and bids fair, Durbar or no Durbar, to prove quite an agreeable one.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

LADY CICELY BROWNE

Second daughter of the Earl of Kenmare, who is to be married to the Hon. T. E. Vesey, Irish Guards, brother to Viscount de Vesci, on Saturday, the 28th inst.

The Week

To-day's ducal wedding has brought at least half Society to Town; the other half is already here sampling the Russian ballet. Then, picture galleries and concerts have broken out afresh—and badly—and on Saturday Prince's reopens, while a week later there will be roller-skating at Holland Park to keep the World and the Flesh in Town on Sundays. By the way, an unusual state of affairs, is it not, for Society to remain constant to a pastime Suburbia some time since dropped?

Autumn Entertainments

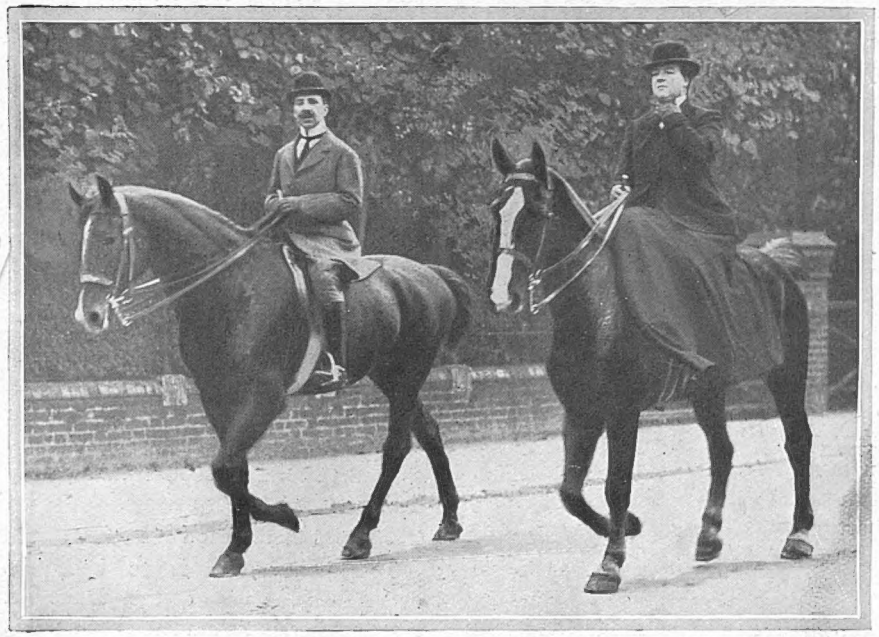
Country house-parties, the well-stocked coverts for *raison d'être*, are still, of course, in full swing, and will continue to be so till the days draw in, and only hunting remains for the country dwellers' beguilement. But I hear of several dances arranged for November—after all, not all Society is going to India!—and one has only to dine or lunch at the Carlton or Ritz to find much entertainment toward already. Also, Piccadilly is up—just where the Ritz and Berkeley converge. Could there be clearer sign that London is itself again?

Dramas of the Moment

Miss Marie Tempest, in wonderful frocks, honeymooning at the Royalty, and Fraulein von Derp, twinkling her entrancing feet in *Sumurûn* at the Savoy, are, I suppose, the attractions first in favour at the moment. Anyway, I found the world in full force at both, and an empty stall (or anything else) at neither. "Why wear clothes?" I asked myself at the Savoy as the houris of the harem danced before me, also "Why talk?" But talk and clothes are all (or nearly all) there is in Mr. Bennett's *Honeymoon*, which is so charming that I suppose they have their uses after all. *Sumurûn*, as all the world knows, is entirely talkless, and it will be interesting to note which of these two plays outlasts the other.

A Noteworthy Week

Two other things made last week noteworthy. Miss Lily Elsie really did get engaged, and quite unostentatiously. Then Worth, the great, the only Worth, moved into new premises (late the Zoological Society's lair), and did so with such a blare of gold and silver trumpets and flourishing of silks and satins that the event drew disciples from the very farthest recesses of England, Scotland, and even Ireland. There was also, of course, war in Europe (but everyone was tired of that by then!), and the reopening of the Law Courts, which had been resting since some time before the first heat-wave.



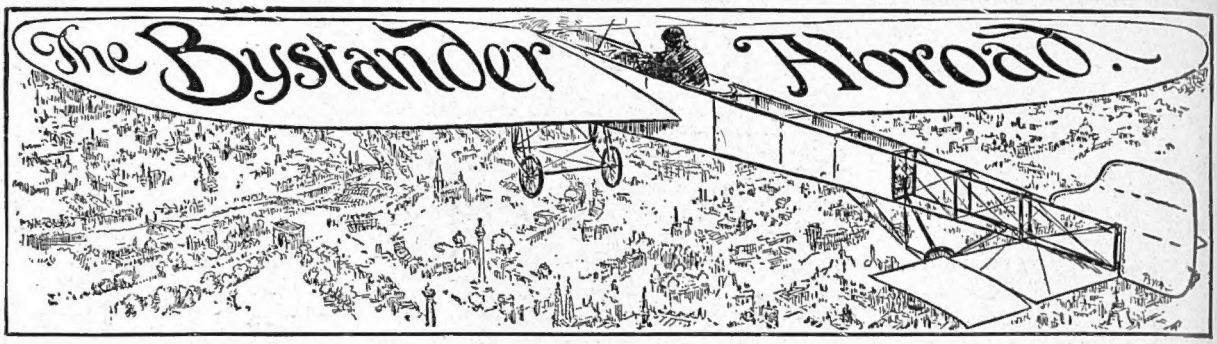
QUEEN AMELIE OF PORTUGAL OUT RIDING AT RICHMOND

It is said that only his mother's ardour keeps burning in King Manoel the patriotic spark for that troublous ex-country of his. Queen Amelie appears, however, to have failed to inculcate in her son's breast that devotion to exercise which Her Majesty herself inherits from that famous sportswoman, the Comtesse de Paris, her mother

The Flight into the East

Lady Portarlington (née Winnifreda, daughter of Mr. G. S. Yuill, of Chesham Place), Colonial heiress and Irish peeress, is one of the several (a hundred or so) of loyal subjects who, combining loyalty with pleasure, depart this week for Delhi and the Durbar. It has been said that this exodus of Great Ones to the East to help the King put to the test his "dread responsibilities as ruler of one-fourth of the whole human race," will slightly sadden that now budding Little Season which of late years has almost rivalled the Season Proper in popularity. It is to be hoped, however, that those who remain will exert themselves to be extra amusing

THE COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON—A PENCIL SKETCH



ROYALIST CHANCES IN PORTUGAL

The Press Campaign

THE Press side of the present Portuguese rising has been very cleverly engineered by the Royalists. In the matter of imagination they were just as pleased to be hung for a sheep as a lamb. What with Dreadnoughts, naval battles, a *levée en masse* of the whole of the north, enthusiastic cries of "*Vive le roi!*"—it was extraordinary they did not carry their fictitious telegrams a step farther and place Manoel once more back on his throne. The telegrams were sent *via* Madrid, with the very obvious idea in mind that nothing succeeds like success, and that if the still primitive Portuguese people could be gulled into believing that the Royalists had been successful, they might shout for the King, and in the general confusion that followed, the Royalists would take advantage of the situation.

Never Again?

No one takes the affair very seriously here, although this is the first attempt made by the Royalists to place Manoel once more on the throne. It was only to be expected that a change of *régime* would bring in its train a series of plots and counterplots. When the French Republic was declared, their number was legion. But probably there will not be another repetition, even as insignificant as this attempt, for the Republic will take precautions against reprisals.

HE WANTS PORTUGAL—
DOES PORTUGAL WANT HIM?

Dom Miguel of Braganza, the Portuguese Pretender, who is, or is not, concerned in the Monarchist invasion. He is fifty-eight, and was born in Austria

Distinguished Statesmen

IT must not be forgotten that practically all the thinking men of Portugal are on the Republican side. The President is a man whose political integrity and private life are quite beyond criticism. In fact, he was chosen because he had taken no active part in the Revolution, and it was thought he would command universal respect as a non-party man. The Prime Minister, on the other hand, is a party man, and was one of the most active promoters of the new *régime*. He is a distinguished political writer and politician. Of all the Ministers, perhaps the most interesting person is the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Vas Concillos, curiously enough the most distinguished surgeon in Portugal. Let us hope he will have the same success with the affairs of the nation that he has had with his patients. It is a lucky thing for Portugal that the Republic is the work of thinking men, and that she has not drifted into the hands of the pure demagogue, who appeals to the primal passions of the people, and only excites them to deeds of vengeance.

Spain's Attitude

THE Royalists this time have been able to muster 4,000 men, but what is that compared to the Republican Army, 30,000 strong, and loyal to the Republic? So there is very little chance of the Cortes having to decide in favour of either Dom Miguel or Dom Manoel. Royalists themselves have told me, however, that neither of these candidates for the throne has a ghost of a chance of returning. If ever a King again reigns in Portugal he will be chosen from another dynasty. Here in Paris some surprise is felt at Spain's attitude in this matter. Whatever King Alfonso's personal feeling may be towards the dethroned monarch, his country has recognised the Portuguese Republic, and his oath binds him not only to forbid, but to punish the assembling of Portuguese Royalists on Spanish soil.

Queen Ena's Value

FOR some time now it has been a *secret de polichinelle* that the success of the Portuguese Republic has not been viewed with favour in Spain. King Alfonso's marriage with an English Princess has been his saving. Possibly had he followed his mother's advice and had an Austrian consort, he might even now be sharing the exile of his friend and neighbour, King Manoel. All along the line the Royalists have played into the hands of the Republicans. This little experience will probably mean that the frontiers will be better guarded, and that the Press, which now has full liberty, may for a while have limitations placed on its freedom.

Would We Had One, Too!

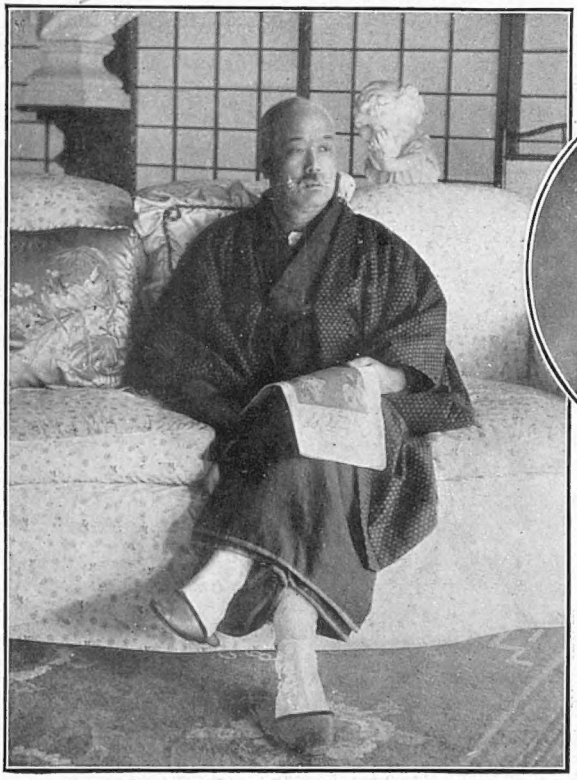
A NEW CABINET FOR LUCKY JAPAN

Corresponding to Lord Haldane, K.C.
General Baron Ishimoto

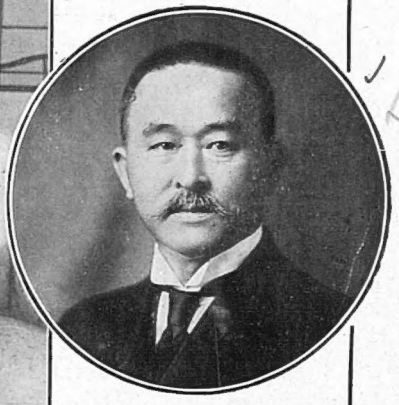
Corresponding to Mr. Asquith
The Marquis Saionji, the Premier

Corresponding to Mr. McKenna
Admiral Baron Saito

Corresponding to Lord Carrington
Baron Nobuski Makino, Minister of Agriculture



Corresponding to Nobody in England
Count Tadasu Hayashi, Minister of Communications, in Japanese Costume, reading a copy of the Japanese edition of THE BYSTANDER



Corresponding to Mr. Lloyd George
Mr. Tatsuo Yamanato, Minister of Finance

Photographs
Corresponding to Mr. Runciman
Mr. Sumitaka Haseba, Minister of Education

R. I. H. Mittwer, Tokyo
Corresponding to Mr. Churchill
Mr. Kei Hara, Home Secretary
(The nearness of the name to Keir-Hardie will be noticed with a shudder)

We acknowledge that a dearth of subjects this week compels us to fall back on this page of portraits of the new Japanese Cabinet. Japan has not been much in the public eye lately, but in the disturbed conditions of affairs, nobody knows when the names of each of these statesmen may not be on the tip of every tongue. To make them seem bright and interesting to our readers, we have placed against each name that of the corresponding Minister in England, in order that invidious comparisons may be made. For instance, the Minister of War is a soldier, the Minister of the Navy an Admiral. Advocates of the Business Government will, therefore, be silent in Japan—one circumstance on which our ally is to be heartily congratulated

Thoughts in the Train

THE NEED FOR A NOONTIDE NEWSPAPER

LEFT the office at noon to-day for an afternoon's golf. Journey is inordinately long at noon; want several papers to kill it. Am too late for morning papers (I read the *Mail* in bed, the *Morning Post* at breakfast, the *Daily Graphic* directly after it, and the *Times* in the morning train), but too early for evening ones. There are the sporting editions, of course—a telegram or two on the front page from Tripoli, and all the rest eternal sport, but the *Westminster*, *Globe*, and *Pall Mall* (which latter, by the way, gets better every day), are not yet out. Must I buy a Radical morning paper? Well, I've no principle to prevent that. But they went to press exactly twelve hours ago, and I want the noon news and the noon opinions, not the midnight ones.

There seems nothing for it but *Punch* or one of the pictorials. But as I sink into my seat I wonder why London enterprise does not rise to the production of a *Noontide*, or *Noontidings*, or the *Twelve o'Clock*, or *Midday*. Seriously, I believe there would be a sale for such a publication. Paris, I believe, has its *Paris-Midi*, or, at any rate, it was preparing for it when I was last there—a lunch-time sheet it was to be, to fill the gap between the morning and evening paper. That's what is wanted—something which is frankly a journalistic stop-gap. The evening "gazettes" the man in the train prefers to reserve for his evening journey. The latest news, the leader, the occasional notes, reviews, and the inevitable letter to the Editor, those are essentials for one's five or six-thirty train home. No, one wants something that is frankly a noontide sheet, issued at noon by men of the noontide outlook on affairs. What, you may ask, is that outlook, and who, in the name of goodness, has it that there's any money to be made in exploiting it?

Now, a journalist who looks for a public taste outside his own brain is unworthy of his calling. It is his business to create the thing needful, and to call into being the public that desires it. Don't tell me Lord Northcliffe *discovered* the *Daily Mail* public. He created it—in his own image. Feeling himself to be the typical young man of his time (which he decidedly was), and with a keen instinct as to the whereabouts of the typical young woman, he just put *himself* into whatever pages he rolled out, and in no time there were fertilised the seeds of other little Harmsworth plants, which have now so multiplied that they positively sterilise the soil for the rest of the crops.

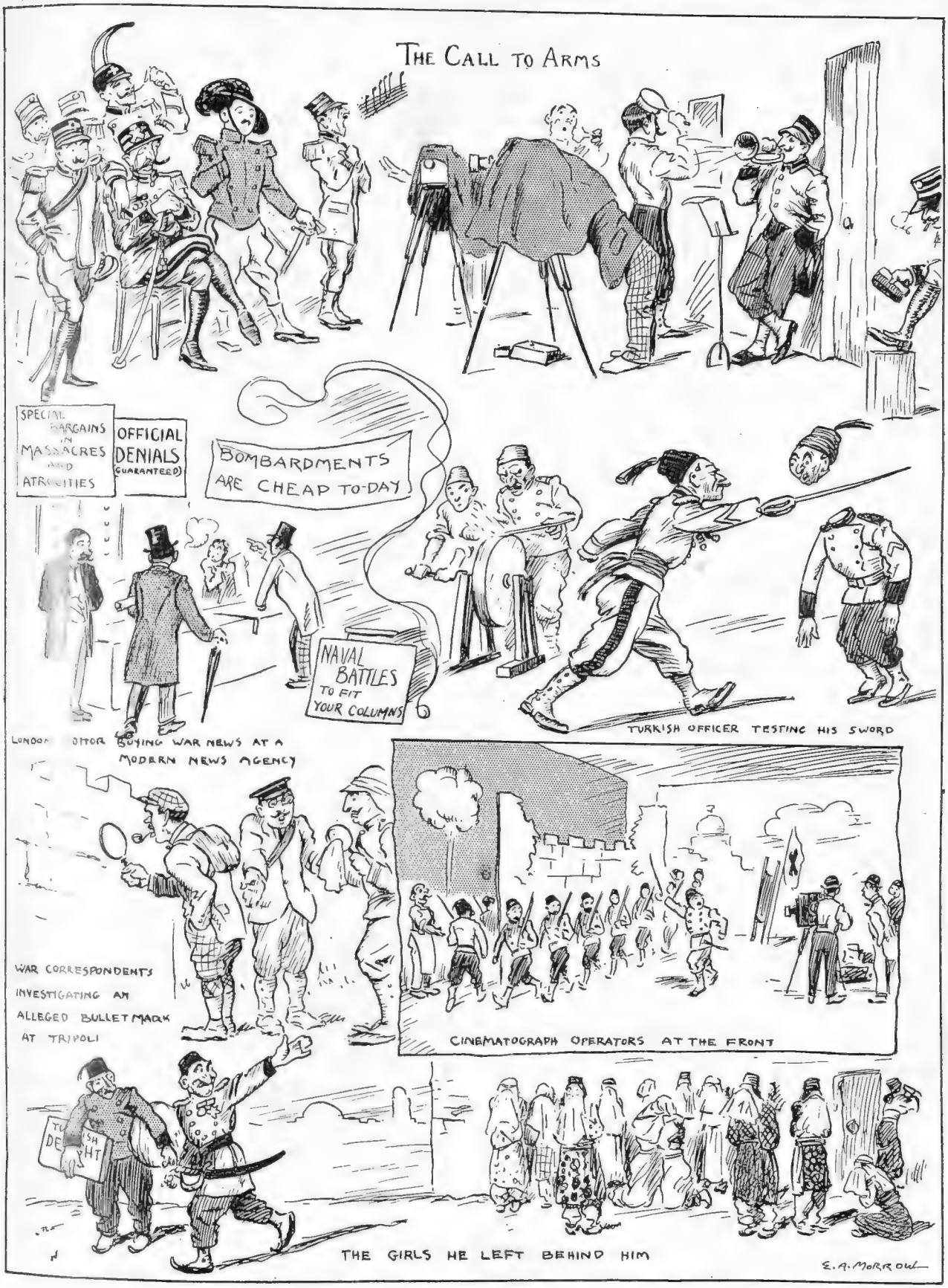
But to return to our noonday muttons. A noonday paper, produced at noon and for noon, is a desirable thing, because I do hereby, at twelve o'clock, this 11th October, 1911, need it. I, a potential reader of *Noontide*, am susceptible of infinite multiplication. Already there are existent other men who have slack afternoons on which they go home and golf. There are others, not regular, but occasional journeymen, who start away from various stations at noon, who number actual thousands. There are the clubmen; there are the rather absurd people who are forced to take their lunch at noon. Anyway, there are actual people who need the noontide sheet, and would, I believe, buy it. Vaster far and immensely more interesting are the readers which the issue of *Noontide* would call from the vasty depths. Produce the paper. Give us the actual noontide news, red-hot and steaming, and edited with the same air of finality and dignity as the morning paper. Then, give us the noontide leaders—the calm, judicial estimate of events based on the morning papers, which the Editor will have read through in bed in the small hours. Add to these features criticisms of the drama or music, written not during or immediately after the play seen, but calmly in the early morn, after the critic has slept on it. Pictures? Oh, yes, if you must.

Anyway, give us the noonday paper, and I venture to say, if it is the genuine article, the result will be the uprising out of nowhere of a new and strange race—the men whom the noontide paper will call into being. The very existence of the noontide paper will quicken men's sensibilities as the magic hour approaches; there will be an earlier moving outwards from offices and chambers. Noon will become a living time-mark. It will be the critical hour of day; in *Noontide* we shall find our second thoughts on the morning's affairs as cleverly anticipated by the matutinal leader-writer as our first ones have been by his brother of the night before. There would be, all over *Noontide*, the critical spirit—even the humour. It would say the one thing to be said of the topic of the morning, and the saying of it would pass from lip to lip. There would be an eagerness to be the first to get *Noontide*; some competition, even quarrelling, might ensue. For *Noontide* would never—at all events, in the earlier stages of its career—see the light before the booming of the first stroke of twelve. Of course, one has to be prepared for the time when you, Sir Proprietor and Founder, shall have called the noon-man into existence, when, in your eagerness to make money, you will issue an advance copy at eleven. A little later there will be a First Advance (published at ten). Then, in due course, an Extra-First Advance, published at nine. Ultimately, *Noontide* will appear at the same time as the rest of the morning papers, and the twelve o'clock edition will be just a stop-press and sporting "final." The name *Noontide* will seem a little absurd at daybreak, but no more so than does the *Evening News* at noon itself, or the *Fortnightly Review* once a month, or the *Nineteenth Century* in the twentieth, or the *Daily Sketch* which is all snapshots, or any of the other anomalies of an anomalous age.

JOURNEYMAN

The Lost Art of War

SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST WAR CORRESPONDENT WHO, ADVISEDLY, DID NOT GO TO THE FRONT



In the history of international conflict there was probably never a more anæmic war than that between the Turks and Italians over the possession of Tripoli. One is tempted to think that the whole business was organised as an advertisement for "Kismet." Mr. E. A. Morrow depicts above some notorious stages of the "struggle"

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

SEVERAL newspapers last week, learning that "a personage with a Sovereign air" had been seen to motor into Portugal, rashly assumed that Dom Miguel of Braganza was heading the Monarchical forces. This was a mistake.

* * *

But is it not always a mistake to suppose that Sovereigns, or would-be Sovereigns, have "an air"? The Lord Mayor's coachman has it. So do most head-waiters and a large number of footmen. Mr. Lewis Waller can do it to perfection. I have known post-office young ladies with it. Kings never.

* * *

This Turco-Italian War has been a disappointment to war correspondents and a bitter blow to headline composers: "Bombardment of Tripoli," "Hell's Mouth of Flame and Carnage," "Thousands Slaughtered and Burnt Alive." That is the sort of thing they might reasonably have expected to have to do.

* * *

Instead, what happened? Half a dozen Turks may have been killed on the one side, and on the other a few marines may have got catarrh or indigestion.

* * *

Mr. Norman Angell, by the way, has scored one considerable point. Moslems in general, fearful, no doubt, to disturb the Bourses of Europe and America, have so far refrained from declaring a Holy War.

* * *

The New Quiteley's

Larger even than the new Whiteley's, these premises — quite the largest in the world —will be opened to the public on November 22. They will be more like a palace than a shop, separate thrones being provided for each customer, and change presented by gorgeously apparelled shopwalkers on bended knees. Of the five hundred acres which make up this unheard-of building, five will be devoted to a surgery, where ladies injured at sale times will receive first-aid and be sewn up free of charge, while in a ten-acre withdrawing-room mesmerists will be in attendance to make all customers feel quite sure that hats or frocks they are doubtful about do really suit them. The Pekinese Chamber, where little animals of a doggy nature will be received by nurses and combed and manicured while their mistresses are, perhaps, busy shopping, will be lit by 14,000 electric lamps, and have a fountain playing in the centre of an extensive lagoon in which fresh fish will be for sale. In the Japanese roof-garden lessons in flying will be given. The dungeons—for kleptomaniacs—should prove one of the most interesting features, while, instead of receiving change in farthings, purchasers will be entitled to enter for the All-Day Whist Drives, held in the Court of Chance, where Mr. McGregor, the genial manager, will act as referee. People who like to be married at Quiteley's will find the semi-Royal Chapel a suitable and garlanded spot for the ceremony; while those, again, who are unhappy in their married lives will find at the Sherlock Bureau all the information and help that they can possibly want.

* * *

According to the *Daily Mail*, only about fifty of the people that count in Society have notified that they are going to the Durbar. This should give pause to the other people who think of going, for really Delhi is a long way, and beyond India, and the natives, and the elephants, and so forth, what will there be to see?

* * *

DID HE CHANCE IT?

Author (cheerfully): "Couldn't I take my call now? They're shouting 'Author'"

Manager (doubtfully) "If you like. But I'm not quite sure whether it's 'author' they're shouting, or 'awful'"

By George Morrow

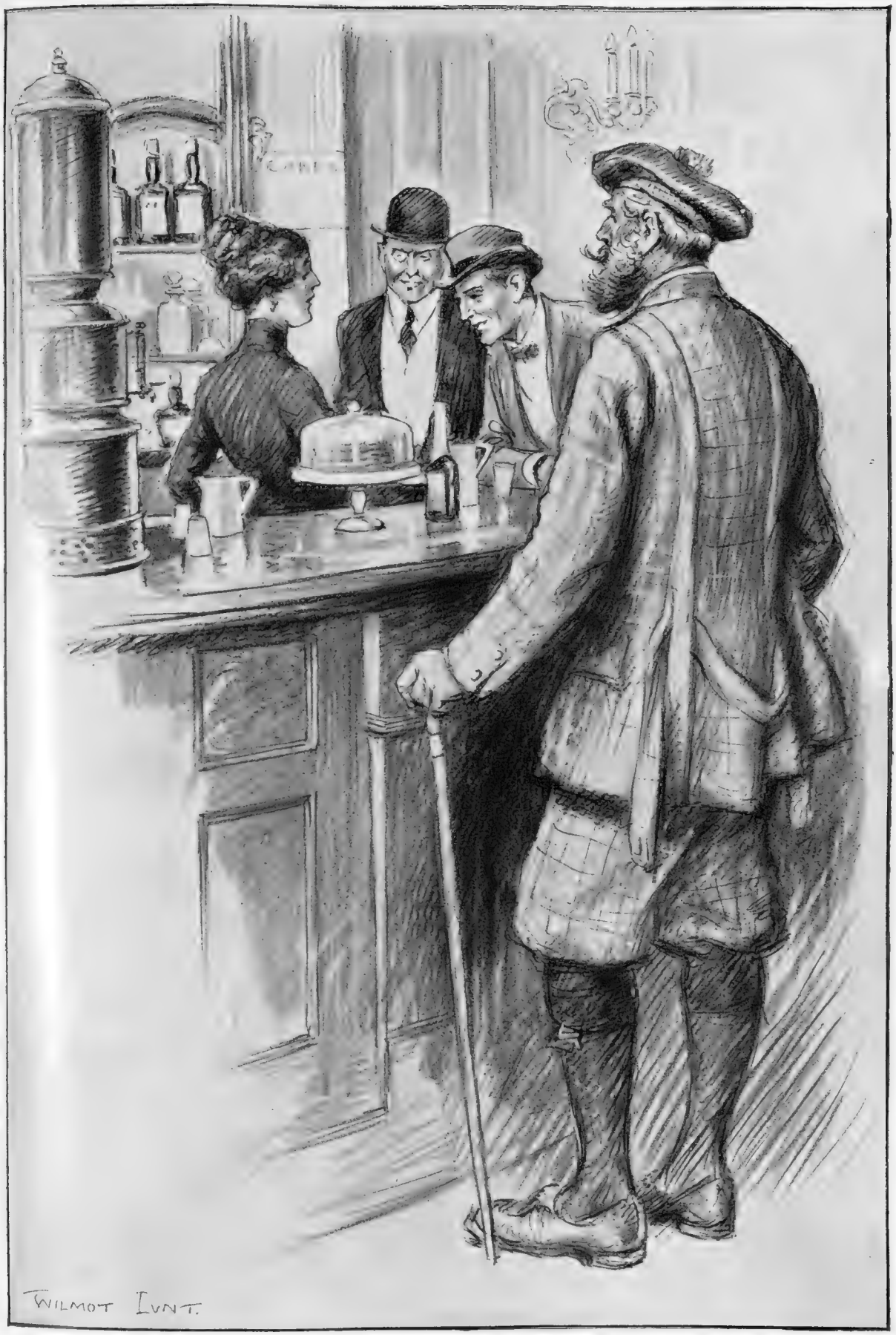
Italia Victrix

(*Fragment of Poem in Anticipation of Mr. A. Austin*)

Italia! Loved by every Laureate's Muse,
Shall it be said this pen did e'er refuse
To chaunt thy glory, land of Cæsar, Pope,
Virgil, and Garibaldi? Answer—"Nope!"
From byre and brae thine organ-grinders cried—
"To War! To War! The Turk has too much side."
And having armed with spear and gun they nippily
Sailed trackless seas, and soon bombarded Tripoli,
Whence in a trice the fear-struck Muslim fled,
Leaving their harems—not, I fear me, wed——

[*End of fragment. Try "Times" for remainder.*]

"Man Wants But Little Here Below"



AT THE HOTEL BAR OF A NORTH LONDON TERMINUS

Highlander (*after listening patiently for five minutes to affectionate conversation between barmaid and regular customers*): "'Say, young leddy, mebbe I'll nae'er be ye're darlin', nor your kiddie, nor your ducky, but if I might be juist your little dear for one minute and hae a drap of Scotch cold, I may be able to catch the train to Glascae"

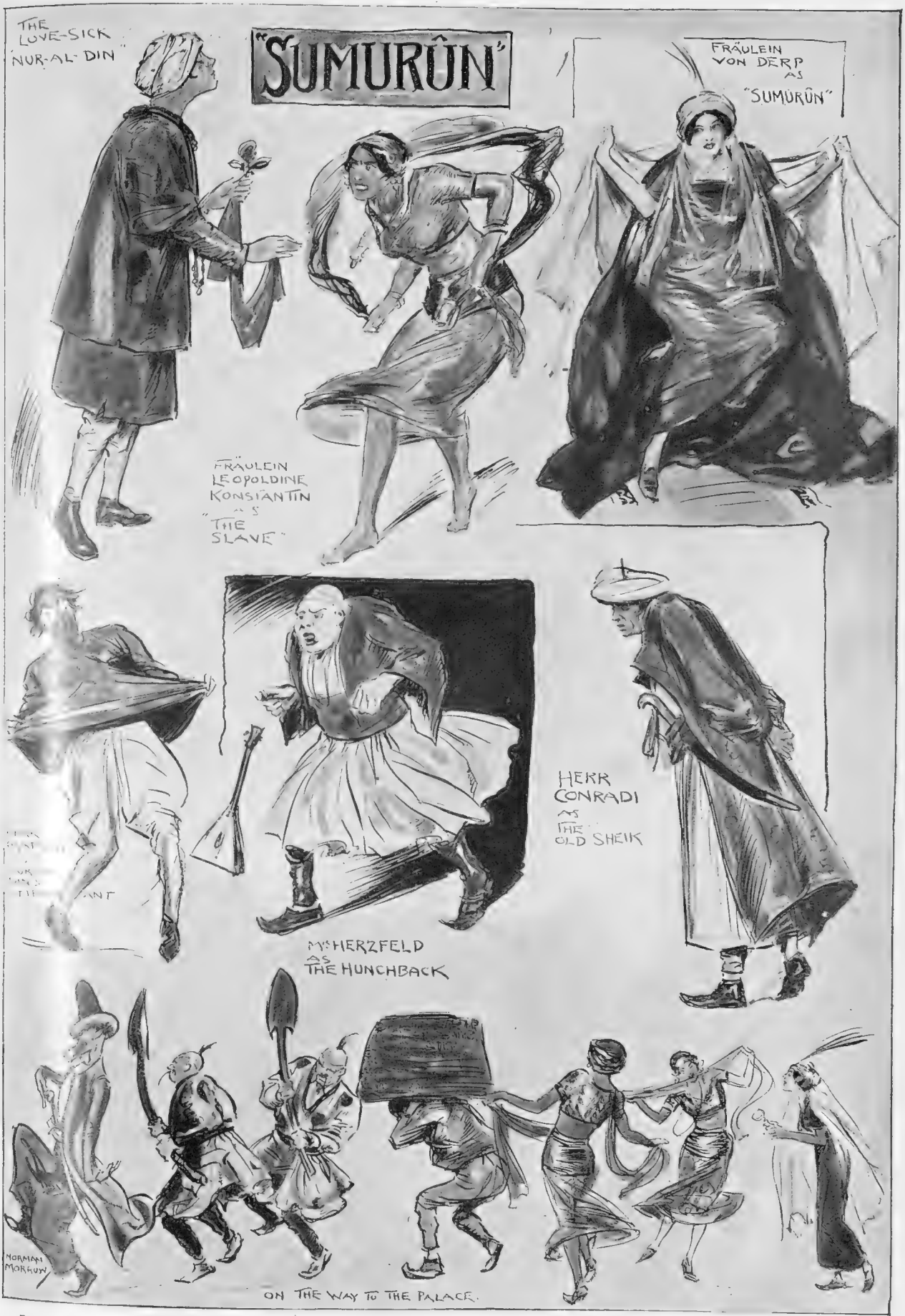
London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"SUMURÛN" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

THE success of *Sumurûn* at the Coliseum (after much heated debate as to whether the novelty was a work of genius or just silly nonsense) has encouraged Professor Max Reinhardt and his friends to present the story in its entirety at the Savoy Theatre, where it is to be hoped it may repeat the success it has already enjoyed in its curtailed form, since it has the advantage of being not only delightful from a severely artistic point of view, but also powerfully interesting on the very human side. *Sumurûn* is a romance of the East. It is based upon a tale that, we are told, is very popular among the Arabs to this day; and Herr Freksa, the author of the modern version, traces its origin back to the first of the Ommiade dynasty (A.D. 755). There is, perhaps, hardly need to remind us of the antiquity of the story presented, for it is one that must have been told in various forms ever since man first looked upon a woman and found her fair. The arrangement of the story in an Arabian setting, however, has many advantages. It not only keeps us to the more poetic and beautiful side of a very commonplace phenomenon, but it enables us to dispense for the moment with Mrs. Grundy and the Ten Commandments, two institutions which have not at any time been regarded as overwhelmingly artistic.

The charm of the woman who belongs to another has been a disquieting influence in social life probably ever since the tribal epoch began. In our cold and calculating way, we of the modern time have ruled this charm to be not only irreligious, but what is worse—vulgar! Thus, the advantage is apparent of placing the scene of this story of the rudimentary instincts among a people of whom anything outrageously improper might be expected, since they lacked the beneficent hierology of the modern village curate. The code of ethics in the Orient of days gone by was less metaphysical than our own. The lord of a fair lady might keep her—if he could; if not, she became the prize of a better man. Modern ladies may very properly resent the notion that one of their sex should have been dealt with as a chattel, changing owners at the wanton caprice of mere man; but they should not overlook the fact that the lady herself generally had a good deal to say in the distribution of her favours, and if her tongue was not free, her eyes could speak, and the smile upon her lips could always be read, without the aid of an interpreter, by him to whom it had been flung.

So, then, runs our tale. The young merchant, Nur-al-din, sitting in the market-place and dreaming of the perfect woman, suddenly finds her in the lovely Sumurûn, the girl-wife of an aged Sheik; and since she on her side finds him pleasing to her eye, the severe moralist can do no more than stand aside and sorrowfully await, with averted glance, the natural operation of the law of cause and effect. Under the ægis of Herr Reinhardt's delightful art the story glides along from scene to scene with the most fascinating charm, the merely brutal side of the Eastern life of the period being gently hinted at, while the softer and more beautiful aspect is properly emphasised with all the alluring adjuncts of light, colour, and music. A second and subsidiary love story runs side by side with the first—the passion of the hunchback showman for the dancing-girl of his troupe. His passion is, it need scarcely be said, a hopeless one; for the dancing-girl has two other strings to her bow. One is the aged Sheik himself, who buys her as a decorative addition to his harem;

Professor Reinhardt's famous wordless play is now presented in full at the Savoy Theatre. "Jingle's" review of it will be found on the opposite page

SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW

and the other is the Sheik's son, who is, as the French put it, in their subtle way, the *amant du cœur*.

Much of the story deals with the hunchback's method of revenging himself on the lovely dancer, and on the man who had bought so fair a prize over his head; but the progress of the loves of Sumurûn and Nur-al-din are, after all, the main theme. We follow with the closest attention the device by which the reckless youth is smuggled into the harem, where discovery will mean a more or less inartistic death, and where, protected by her lady friends, Sumurûn impatiently awaits him. Her aged husband is nothing to her at such a time; and when he finds that she is not disposed to encourage his embraces, he orders his newly purchased slave to be brought to him instead. The part of the brown but comely slave is taken by Fräulein Leopoldine Konstantin, a happily gifted young lady, whose wonderful eyes seem to be able to express all the emotions in turn. Her flirtation with the Sheik's son is quite a remarkable piece of realism, especially considering the utterly irresponsible atmosphere in which it is developed.

The same thing may be said of the meeting between Sumurûn and Nur-al-din. The extreme demonstration of overwhelming affection leaves little to the imagination, and yet it is characterised throughout by a pleasing note of refinement and grace. Besides, as we know, this is only an allegory, an idle tale of youthful love from the cloudy book of dreamland. And, then, Herr Lotz, who is an ideal Nur-al-din, makes a most charming youth, and Fräulein von Derp, the Sumurûn of the piece, is a very beautiful woman; and as they are both consummate artists as well, there is no harsh note in their performance. There seems no reason why *Sumurûn* should not be the vogue of the hour, especially among people who do not want always to run after the commonplace in theatrical effect. Myself, I found the entertainment absorbing and fascinating to a degree, and I look forward to Herr Reinhardt's other productions in this country with the keenest interest.

"THE HONEYMOON" AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE

Mr. Arnold Bennett is a philosopher as well as a playwright and novelist, and his new play, produced by Miss Marie Tempest at the Royalty Theatre, is full of sayings and situations which mean so much more than they seem to convey at the moment that one almost doubts whether the drama is a suitable vehicle for his present theme. After all, the story itself is a trifle; we do not expect the great artist to bother much about plots when his genius requires that he shall hold the mirror up to nature without scratching the back of it in order to distort the reflection. In the first act, we have a newly married aviator and his bride arranging the programme for their honeymoon. There is a little difference of opinion between them, and just as it is coming to the breaking-point the bridegroom's family descend on the young people at the hotel and are shocked to say that the curate who married them was not a really ordained clergyman, and that, therefore, and consequently, the marriage is null and void. There is a whole volume of philosophy in such a situation; it is, as Carlyle would say, symbolical of much. But an ordinary theatrical audience is bound to take the thing for granted and to share the satisfaction of the young man's mother that she had interrupted the honeymooners. The same bogus curate, it appears, has been conducting funerals as well as a wedding; but Mr. Bennett mercifully avoids insisting on the possible conclusion that if the marriage must be considered as not having taken place, the funerals are in the same embarrassing position. These are situations, however, that we are not permitted to discuss at length, as they are frightfully contentious things, and have led to fights and other disastrous manifestations of the kind before now.

Miss Marie Tempest makes the most of the part of the unmarried bride: she is equally charming whether she is inviting her husband's kiss, or whether she is quarrelling with him on a ridiculously unimportant detail, and arranging to leave him for ever. Mr. Graham Browne makes an agreeable figure of the constant lover, though the character is not a very strongly drawn one. One of the triumphs of the evening was secured by Mr. Dennis Eadie, as the bogus curate. Though on the stage for only a few minutes during the play, Mr. Eadie never missed a point in his epigrammatic speech. Another clever piece of work by a character that is seen only once is given by Mr. Berte Thomas, as a very conventional bishop, whose platitudes are a discreet parody of clerical conventionalities in real life. Miss Kate Serjeantson is very amusing as a successful novelist, whose books are welcomed by the Church as a power for good, and whose eagerness for Press notices is only equalled by her horror of advertisement. Mr. Bennett must have drawn the character from life. Mr. Dion Boucicault is quite delightful as the great lady's submissive husband, whom, nevertheless, she insists on regarding as the head of the house, and who is sent down to the kitchen to squabble with the servants. JINGLE

A Comedy Ingénue

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS ENID LESLIE AS SENTA BRAND IN "THE GREAT NAME"

Miss Leslie, who has recently been absent through illness, plays the part of the pretty young daughter of a neglected and poverty-stricken composer. She is made perfectly happy in the last act by marrying the librettist of a musical comedy! Miss Leslie is to be Mr. Hawtrey's leading lady in the next production at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

PARIS SHOWS et Autres Choses

BY JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Photograph *Reutlinger*

MME. JANE HADING

Who made so great a hit in "La Femme Nue" at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris. She is next to appear in "La Crise," a play by MM. Paul Bourget and A. Beaunier. Mme. Hading still preserves her youthful beauty, largely they say by the aid of a toilet lotion of her own invention

Just Now

THE shop-windows and the Parisiennes are being redressed, the usual number of abuses would be all the better for it, the newspapers are publishing telegrams from Remiremont and Clermont Ferrand describing (at a penny a line) the pathetic loss of sheep and shepherds in snowdrifts, the streets of Paris are filled with jostling crowds and mud, there is no room between twelve and half-past or between six and seven in the Metropolitain, there are no closed cabs to be had when you come out of the theatres, the people at the box-offices laugh at you when you ask for "two good stalls," the collar of every head-waiter in Paris is so creased by his apologetic shoulder-shrugging when he has no room that he has to change it twice an evening, the waiters have stopped trying to talk English, German, Spanish, and Italian before answering you in French, straw hats have disappeared from the landscape, and pretty *mannequins* at Longchamps are wearing ermine and blue frocks and wondering whether by this time next year they will be buying these things instead of selling them.

More Of It

THE Morocco question is just where it was, but Parliament will open shortly, the *révues* at the music-halls are offering varied comment on the loss of the Joconde, the Café Napolitain is fogged from six to seven with tobacco smoke and literary argument, President Fallières is making up his mind to turn his back on Rambouillet and take his morning walks in Paris, the Salon d'Automne is not only open, but already emptying, a De Flers and De Caillavet play has been produced at the Comédie Française, so the Paris autumn season has fairly begun, and it will soon be time for *le tout* Paris to pack its trunks and hatboxes again, get passes from the railway companies, and catch the first colds of the winter in the sunny South. *Le tout* Paris always reminds me of the Foreign Office clerk who met a friend in the street at about one o'clock and couldn't stop and talk to him because unless he hurried to the office he wouldn't get there in time to go out and have his lunch. As soon as *le tout* Paris has finished Trouville and the summer holiday it has to get away to the *châteaux* to shoot. Then nobody, of course, can stay in Paris in the winter, and after the Riviera there are the winter sports in Switzerland and the Savoy. So that when you nail the fashionable Parisian down to hard fact (a thing, by the way, to which the *tout* Parisian strongly objects) you find that the Parisian's actual residence in Paris means about six weeks in May and the early part of June. However, all Paris is not *le tout* Paris. Life here has awakened from its summer sleep, and everybody, from doctors to dramatists and journalists to sellers of *roasted* chestnuts, have become very busy.

A Pick-me-up

WHICH, of course, makes life very pleasant for the bystander who likes to watch life hurtle past him and to pick up unconsidered trifles. Here are two unconsidered trifles which I picked up yesterday. A violet-powdered and personable lady, who had been middle-aged for some years, marched down the boulevards beside her rather pretty daughter. "My dear," she said, "you know I like to see you with your eyes downcast in the streets at this time in the afternoon. One never knows whom one may meet. There is quite talk enough about you in the ballet already, and, besides—who knows?—you might see and pick up a purse some day."

War and £ s. d.

THE other was at the corner of the Rue Saint-Honoré. There was a block in the traffic, and a motor-'bus was trumpeting and trying to get past a little yellow taxi-cab. The driver of the motor-'bus became impatient. "Going to spend the night there?" he asked the shabby little man on the box of the blue-flagged cab. The taxi-cab driver looked up, grinned, and pointed a grimy finger in the direction of the Seine. "Afraid of being late for your bath, I suppose?" he said calmly. Not even tragedy in Paris is sacred from street repartee, and it is not long since eleven people were drowned in a motor-'bus which fell over the Pont de l'Archevêche into the river. By the way, it is, of course, merely the idle notion of a bystander, and possibly a foolish one, but don't you think that this war between Italy and Turkey is being wasted? Would it not be permissible for Turkey to charge gate-money (in £1, of course) to see the war, with a small extra charge in £T for very strong

(Continued on page 120)

STOIC CALM IN CONSTANTINOPLE

THE TRANQUIL TURK SETS AN EXAMPLE TO THE VOLATILE ITALIAN

THE SULTAN DRIVES TO THE MOSQUE

The Sultan drives daily to the Imperial Mosque to pray for the welfare of the Turkish cause. His Majesty does not look unduly concerned at the situation

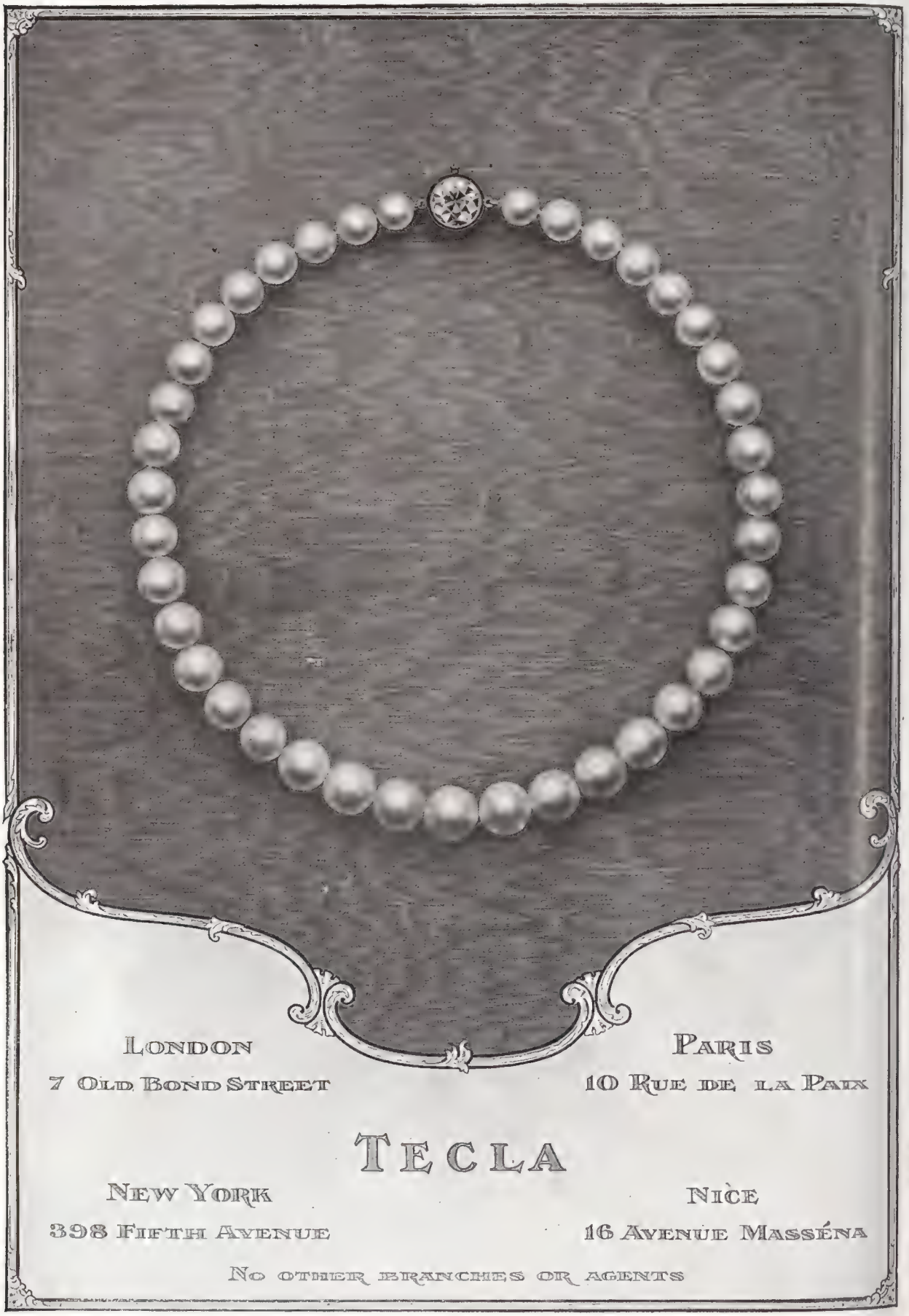
A GROUP OF TURKS ON THE STEPS OF THE VALEDA MOSQUE, STAMBOUL, PHLEGMATICALLY DISCUSSING THE WAR NEWS

THE TURKISH FLEET RESTFULLY AT ANCHOR IN THE BOSPHORUS: ON THE RIGHT IS SEEN THE ANCIENT WALL AND FORT OF THE CITY

Photographs *Sebah and Joaillier, Constantinople*

CRYING THE WAR NEWS NEAR THE GALATA BRIDGE, CONSTANTINOPLE

Constantinople is not at all disturbed over the war and the absence of Turkish success. Men pursue their business just as usual, and there is nothing like an attack of war fever such as London experienced during the Boer campaign. It is in the market-place surrounding the Valeda Mosque that the war news—such as it is—is discussed. The people in the street watch artillery rumbling past and gay bands of infantrymen tramping by without a flicker of emotion



Registered Design

magnifying glasses, and so raise enough money to buy a real fleet?

The Play

I AM suffering a good deal just now from the difficulty I find in giving friends who are spending a day or two in Paris advice what to go and see. They all want to see "really French plays." If they say this with a wink one can send them to the Théâtre Michel, where the audience is smart and smartly dressed and there are two beds on the programme. But when the wink is missing it is rather difficult. So many English people who want to see "a really French" play forget that some knowledge of French is useful for its enjoyment. But if you do know French enough there are four or five adaptations running in the Paris theatres which are very well worth missing, and you may spend a delightful evening with *Primerose* at the Comédie Française. And, by the way, my friend, Claude Roland, is responsible for an extremely French play (Latin Quarter French) at the Théâtre Cluny. He calls it on the programme *Le Canard Jaune*. "The Pink Duck" would have been a better title. Roland's duck is just a trifle underdone, though it is highly seasoned, and—yes, perhaps a dash or two of heliotrope, as R. G. Knowles expressed it.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

The Bystander in Berlin

THE "SMARTISCH" BOARDINGHOUSE

The Last Blow

THE Berlin Bystander's laudation of Germans must begin to pall. (Quite true; say something rude about them.—ED.) But patriotism impels him. The tale of their progress, he holds, is the sharpest spur for an inglorious England which drones supinely while rivals master every field. And now a rival threatens to sap the last, once impregnable, citadel of England's superiority; and cut her out in SMARTNESS.

A Smart Boulevard

IT is the new apartment-hotel in Kurfuerstendamm, W., which inspires this reflection. Though it sounds like swear-words shot from a Maxim gun, Kurfuerstendamm is Berlin's finest boulevard. It is rich; it is dignified; it is SMARTISCH. It shelters retired Field-Marshals, diplomatic missions, and people who had appendicitis in the same year as Edward VII. Its women are opulent, and if they resemble sacks it is not because their clothes resemble sacking. It has a rink, a Secessionist Gallery, an *englisches café*, and adequate *cocottes*. It lacks only an apartment-hotel.

It is evident that Italy has had a bad tourist season. Her brigands have flown to other lands for booty
(A cruel German comment from "Simplicissimus")

Tripoli Forgotten

SOON it will have an apartment-hotel rivalling New York's Plaza. Quite on American lines, with rents inaccessible (for Germans) and transcendental SMARTNESS. It will have five hundred rooms arranged in suites. You will have your meals flashed up to you in lifts, or you will eat in a Louis Seize dining-room. "They will wear evening-dress," says the *Morgenpost*, making its staggered readers forget the Tripoli War. The suites will have cool-air pipes, vacuum-cleaners, strong-rooms, ice-chests, electric curling-tongs; there will be gymnasiums, sun-baths, roof-gardens, flashlight barbers, and automatic boot-cleaners. Though costly, things will be simple, refined, and unobtrusive; in other words, SMART aloof to the vulgar and dowdy; calculated to trap into taking suites high-flying young princes from the Russian Embassy, and rich, bilious Americans who come to see the Kaiser, and their insides (through Röntgen Rays). The directors cogitated, argued, quarrelled, pored over reference books, gave up the problem in despair; and suddenly, with shouts of triumph, hit by inspiration upon what Flaubert called the inevitable word. They found something which was at once foreign, recondite, haughty, attractive, and SMART. They decided to call their apartment-hotel THE BOARDINGHOUSE.

A Press Campaign

PLEASED that they had unearthed a name to rally the leaders of aristocratic Berlin, the clever schemers drugged the Press with paragraphs. All the leading journals printed impressive descriptions, and none omitted a kindly word for the name, THE BOARDINGHOUSE. Perhaps—since some of these organs are clamant Nationalist—the Anglicism would have caused offence had German a decent equivalent. But it had none, and time was brief. Already in exclusive Kurfuerstendamm a vast space bristles with toppling cranes and iron scaffolding continued to aerial heights; and here, as I pass it daily, a patient assembly silently stares. It is not the scaffolding they stare at, or even the cranes. It is a giant poster with floor-plans of the incomparable edifice, and under it the overwhelming inscription: THE BOARDINGHOUSE.

Problem of a Name

BUT, above all, the apartment-hotel will have a name which will proclaim it universally as TEMPLE OF SMARTNESS. The choice caused trouble. The name, it was agreed, must sound SMART, be cosmopolitan in appeal, alluring to the refined wealthy, while distantly in the higher and only honourable sense of the maltreated word.

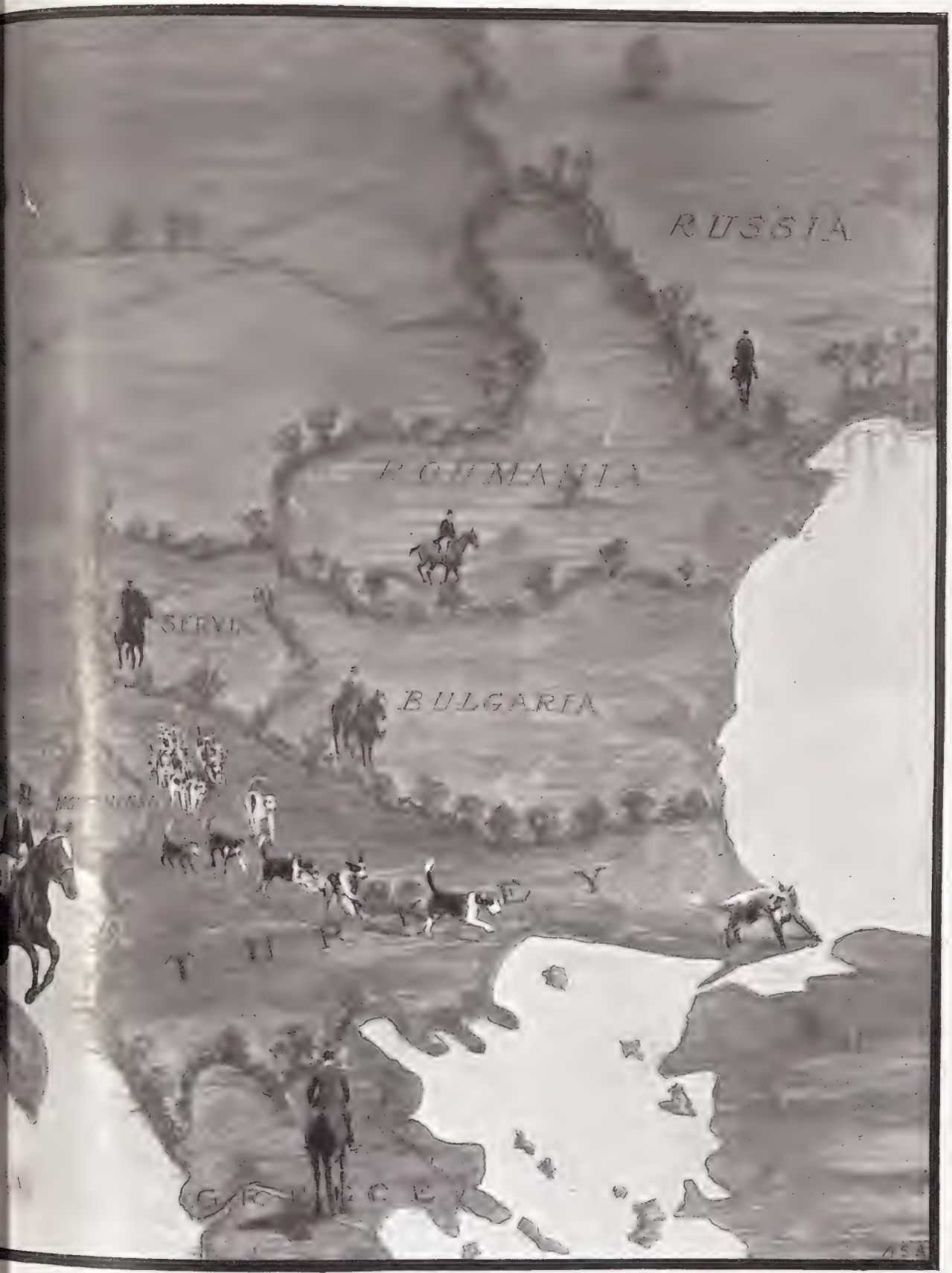
THE OPENING OF THE SEASON

THE SITUATION OF TURKEY AS SEEN THROUGH THE

Reynard, otherwise the Turk, hearing the cry "Tally Ho!" from the direction of the
and, at a discreet distance, the mer

Note re scale:—The size of the figures represents roughly

ITH THE EUROPEAN FOXHOUNDS



ELD-GLASSES OF "THE BYSTANDER'S" HUNTING EDITOR

tic brook, proceeds to break away, followed by the hounds (otherwise the Balkan States), of the hunt (the European Powers)

tical importance of each of the countries in respect to Turkey

To Smile or Not to Smile

A HEROINE OF MUSICAL COMEDY IN DOUBT ON THE GREAT PROBLEM

Photographs *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS CECILY COURTNEIDGE IN "THE MOUSMÉ" AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

Miss Courtneidge, who is only just eighteen, first made her début on the stage in "The Arcadians," where she succeeded Miss Phyllis Dare as leading lady. She has evidently not had quite enough experience to know that it is the custom for a musical-comedy queen to smile in *all* her photographs

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

Bargains

The mania for collecting is assuredly upon the increase. If you are a millionaire, you may collect everything under the sun. (And if you are a weak-minded millionaire, be sure that the dealers will see that you do.) If your purse be not large, well—no matter, there are a thousand things from which to make your choice. Theoretically, the true collector does not mind what he pays for a thing; in practice, he minds very much. He is keen for a—bargain. Now, you may collect dance-programmes, pipes, door-knockers, gloves, box-snuffers, banknotes, hour-glasses, bills of lading, cigar-bands, postage-stamps, or spittoons, but sooner or later you will happen on a bargain. Then your family will hate you. A bargain, or what you think is a bargain—a much more common occurrence—has an altogether immoral effect. Yet everyone has a warm corner in his heart for a bargain, of whatever kind it may be. It is something to talk about for weeks afterwards. It is an agreeable vehicle for superior knowledge. Generally it undergoes a pleasant course of exaggeration. And some bargains, bargains which are ancient and venerable and romantic, at last incorporate themselves into history. So you have hundreds of stories. Such and such a picture was bought for ten shillings in 1850 and sold for ten thousand pounds in 1910. The So-and-So diamond caused more deaths in ten years than any other jewel had been known to do in the past. Valuable letters have been discovered encasing the cheaper kind of fish purchased at some village shop. And, of course, there is a book to be written on the subject. There have been books on the romance of collecting, but until Mr. C. E. Jerningham and Mr. Lewis Bethany laid their pens together and concocted *The Bargain Book* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), I do not think the bargain as such has had a book to itself.

Photograph *Beresford*

MR. LOVAT FRAZER

Whose new book, "India Under Lord Curzon and After," has just been published by Heinemann (16s. net)

Transactions—Of a Kind

The Bargain Book is made up largely of stories of the art world which one seems to have heard before, and one or two of these stories were hardly worth the reprinting. Some are not really bargain stories at all. They are strung together in rather a haphazard way, and occasionally there is an annoying repetition. On the whole, however, it is pleasant to have these stories gathered together within the covers of a single volume, and there is a really valuable chapter on the iniquitous "knock-out" system. "There is no argument," write the authors, "which can justify its existence, and the respectable dealer who avails himself of the advantages it affords, or in any way countenances it, must bear the odium of taking part in a thoroughly discreditable transaction." The chapters on "Finds" are amusing, and every reader can probably supplement them from his own experience. Personally, I have had but one. I bought two odd volumes of an Ariosto, hoping some day to complete the set. On examining one of the books I found bound in with it a pamphlet which still, so far as I know, remains unique. *The Bargain Book* is meant to be a popular production, and should find many readers. And there are several useful charts at the end, showing the position of letters and the other arts through the last few centuries.

A First Novel

First novels have an interest of their own. There is always the possibility of finding something entirely out of the ordinary. Usually disappointment comes before reading many pages. Occasionally you light upon a fine story spoilt in the telling; sometimes it is a poor story embroidered with taste. I have been reading Mr. Rowland Morris's first novel, *When a Man's Married* (Eveleigh Nash: 6*s.*), and am puzzled what to say of it. There are some amazingly good passages in it which carry a thrill. The people are curiously attractive and alive. The story does not run on the usual lines. There is no happy marriage at the end, as I was frightened there might be, but something finer and more satisfactory. It is a carefully written book, full of wise little sayings, and it belongs to literature proper. But, of course, there are faults. I cannot help feeling that Mr. Morris's characters are bigger than himself. You feel that you are never properly introduced to them, and some of their actions suggest that something important about them has been kept from you. Certain passages, too, are not dynamic enough; they attempt to explain, as it were, without moving. And you are too constantly reminded of Meredith. Yet it is a book with claims to distinction. The story is not so complicated as it might appear to be. John Owen is an Inspector of Mines, a

self-made man, married to a commonplace woman who paints pictures. Coming back from some governmental work in the West Indies, he meets Lily Gresham, a Canon's daughter. They fall in love with each other—in the Meredithian way. John goes home to the woman whom he does not understand, and wonders—also in the Meredithian way—what is to be done. He is a strange man with lofty ideals. He decides that Lily and he are to be happy merely in the knowledge that they love. But this does not satisfy him. He must pretend to renounce that love. After a great struggle he renounces it. Lily becomes a nurse, but she cannot forget. Time passes, however, and brings little but agony to them both. Both, too, have temptations. There is a man who wishes to marry Lily. John, after years of his artificial life, comes down from the heights to have a vulgar *liaison* with his neighbour's wife. The neighbour is in danger of losing his life in a mining accident; John saves his life at the risk of his own, and whilst nursed by Lily, confesses that his renouncement of her was false. And so they are left to be happy—in the knowledge that they love. The last five or six chapters are excellent, and caused me to read the first few a second time. A beginner who can provoke this attention from the reviewer has made a considerable impression. Much care and thought have gone to this book's making, and it must not be dismissed with a careless word of praise.

"The Taming of John Blunt"

The Taming of John Blunt, by Alfred Ollivant (Methuen: 6*s*.), is a likeable book. It is also an irritating book. The Unspeakable Blunt, as Society calls him, was apparently once a gentleman, but has preferred to forget the fact. He is a bearded schoolboy of fifty; the sort of man who seeks unrefinement and has an objection to clothes. He has probably read Whitman and knows Shaw. He takes a pleasure in being unnecessarily rude, or, more correctly, the author assures us that he does. At the beginning of the book he goes up to a Cumberland village to investigate the reputed ill-management of a large estate owned by Lady Florence Brackenhurst. On the journey he meets a young lady, who turns out to be Lady Rachel Carmelite. He falls in love with her. She calls him a bear. And a bear he is. He behaves in a ridiculously bearlike way. He kicks Major Dalbignac at a picnic, and refuses to apologise, although he knows that he is behaving more like a bear than ever. He is forced, however, to see that Lady Florence manages her estate in the best possible way. Ultimately he is sufficiently tamed to become Lady Florence's guest, and when it is discovered that his grandfather was a baronet, not even little Lord Hillyard can object to Rachel marrying him. John Blunt's relations with his mother are beautifully described; but could a man of his stamp be so extraordinarily sentimental? I doubt it. RALPH STRAUS

"SAKI" STORIES

A DELIGHTFUL AUTHOR

MR. H. H. MUNRO ("SAKI")
From a miniature by Arthur Minton

"The Chronicles of Clovis"

AND HIS NEWEST VOLUME

THE definite "arrival" upon the town of "Saki," otherwise Mr. Hector H. Munro, has been effected by easy stages. From being the creator of the "Westminster Alice"—the first satirist to see the parallel between the Wonderland of Lewis Carroll and the realities of home politics—he has developed (*via* a course of special correspondence abroad for the *Morning Post*) into one of the most polished—if not the most polished—writers of miniature stories of the times. His first set—Reginald, and Reginald in Russia—were known to the few rather than the many. Reginald, who flitted gracefully through the pages, seemed the very imp of Inconsequence—a creature whom one could locate as belonging to no world save that of wit. Things did not happen to Reginald, but happened round him. He was not even the hero of his own Boswell. Now, "Saki" gives us, in large, ample form, *The Chronicles of Clovis* (John Lane: 6*s*.). Here, again, Clovis plays the slightest part in the stories. I don't know that any human being plays much—certainly not "Saki" himself. The chief connecting link is the author's method, which is his own and inimitable. "Saki's" plots are diaphanous in their thinness, yet, somehow, one feels that one gets more "story" in ten of his pages than some authors give us in a hundred.

The plots that there are are precise, cruel little plots, commenting bitingly on human nature, and particularly on the qualities of refined jealousy and feminine revenge. For instance, in the story of Mrs. Packletide, who, to impress her friends, shot a carefully prepared tiger—or, rather, thought she did. Another woman knew that the bullet had lodged in a neighbouring goat, and that the tiger had died of heart-failure, and used her knowledge for polished blackmail. Another story of "revenge" (which will greatly tickle the fancy of those who dine at restaurants where there is music) is "The Chaplet," where the *chef*, furious at the inappreciation of his dishes caused by the too emotional playing of the violinist, subjects the artist to death from drowning in soup. There is also the story (remembered by readers of THE BYSTANDER as "Filboid Studge") in which a young artist plunges into commerce to enrich the father of his sweetheart, only to be spurned by the said father when he had done his work. With all his cynicism, "Saki" has a way of pointing a moral—of sorts—which should commend his work to the homeliest. The creator of the broad satire of the Westminster Alice has, in short, developed into a perfect miniaturist.

The perfection of his method is, however, best shown in his touches of dialogue, and in his parentheses. As a specimen of the former, take this (in "The Match-Maker"):

"My mother is thinking of getting married."

"Again!"

"It's the first time."

"Of course, you ought to know. . . ."

"I meant that it was the first time she'd thought about getting married; the other times she did it without thinking."

Take, also, this (from "The Jesting of Arlington Stringham"), and declare it to be like anything anybody else ever thought of:

"Eleanor's outlook on life did not improve as the afternoon wore on. The page-boy had brought from the library 'By Mere and Wold' instead of 'By Mere Chance,' the book which everybody denied having read. . . ."

But I must "crib" no more. "Saki's" stories are gems which must not be deprived of their lustre by quotations. V. C.

Photograph Sydney J. Loco
OUT OF DOORS
Fraulein Leopoldine Konstantin, who plays the Slave in "Sumurûn"

MATTERS MUSICAL

THE MUSIC OF "SUMURÛN"

THERE can be no doubt, I think, that the most, perhaps the only, unsatisfactory feature of *Sumurûn* is the music. A great many people suspected as much when the abbreviated version of that delightful pantomime was produced at the Coliseum, but, under the circumstances, it seemed to be quite sure. For it was obvious that the score had been subjected to such ruthless cutting in order to compress it within the hour, that no definite judgment could possibly be fair, and, moreover, the theatre itself was so immense that nearly all the detail, for better or for worse, escaped notice.

No Excuse

At the Savoy, however, no such excuse is forthcoming. The theatre is, if anything, too small. We are brought into intimate contact with every detail, both on the stage and in the orchestra pit. Indeed, in many ways the whole production seems quite different. One misses the broad decorative effects so delightful at the Coliseum—for instance, the scene of the return to the Sheik's palace, formerly a perfect blend of the qualities of a Japanese kakemono and a Greek frieze, has lost half its beauty—but one acquires a greater sympathy with the emotions and the actions of the characters. Whether, as regards the play itself, the gain more than counterbalances the loss is not my business to decide, but as regards the music—well, I fear that the trite quotation about distance lending enchantment to the view sums up the situation only too accurately.

The Orchestra's Failure

Nevertheless, in justice to Herr Holländer, it must be admitted the orchestra which interpreted his music offered him not the slightest assistance. Frankly, I have never listened to worse playing in an English musical theatre. I know, of course, that the standard of orchestral playing in Germany is considerably lower than in this country, but that only explains without excusing the negligence of a conscientious German management in London. A continual succession of wrong notes, a scratchy tone, and an apparent inability to play anything but mezzo-forte, are not defects we should excuse.

Unworthy of Its Theme

Now, it is the business of the critic to discount such accidents and judge the music on its own merits. That would be all very well if it only happened to be possible. But in one important matter—to wit, the orchestration—it is quite impossible, because the effect of good orchestration and good execution react on each other. If I must, in my ignorance and bad temper, choose between abuse of the composer or the orchestra, I unhesitatingly single out the latter; it deserves anything that may be said of it. I am certain, however, that Herr Holländer's music is essentially unworthy of *Sumurûn*. In spite of distinctly pleasant moments, it is undeniably trivial in effect and commonplace in ideal; nor can I see that it is "Oriental in character," though I admit that I regard this shortcoming with more than equanimity.

Photograph Campbell-Gray
ON THE STAGE
Fraulein Leopoldine Konstantin as the Slave in "Sumurûn"

Austere Holländer

Further, the *motif* trick gets on one's nerves. Debussy chaffed Wagner for always introducing his characters with a visiting-card hung round their necks; but, if the reproach be just, Wagner, at least, varied the type occasionally, adding flourishes and ornamentations to vary the monotony. This Herr Holländer, with an austerity that compels admiration, quite refuses to do; moreover, once the *motif* is attached to anyone, no power in heaven or earth can separate the two. I can imagine the unfortunate characters dragging out a joyless existence in the futile endeavour to escape from their indissoluble unions. For, with Herr Holländer, as with the Catholic Church, there is no divorce.

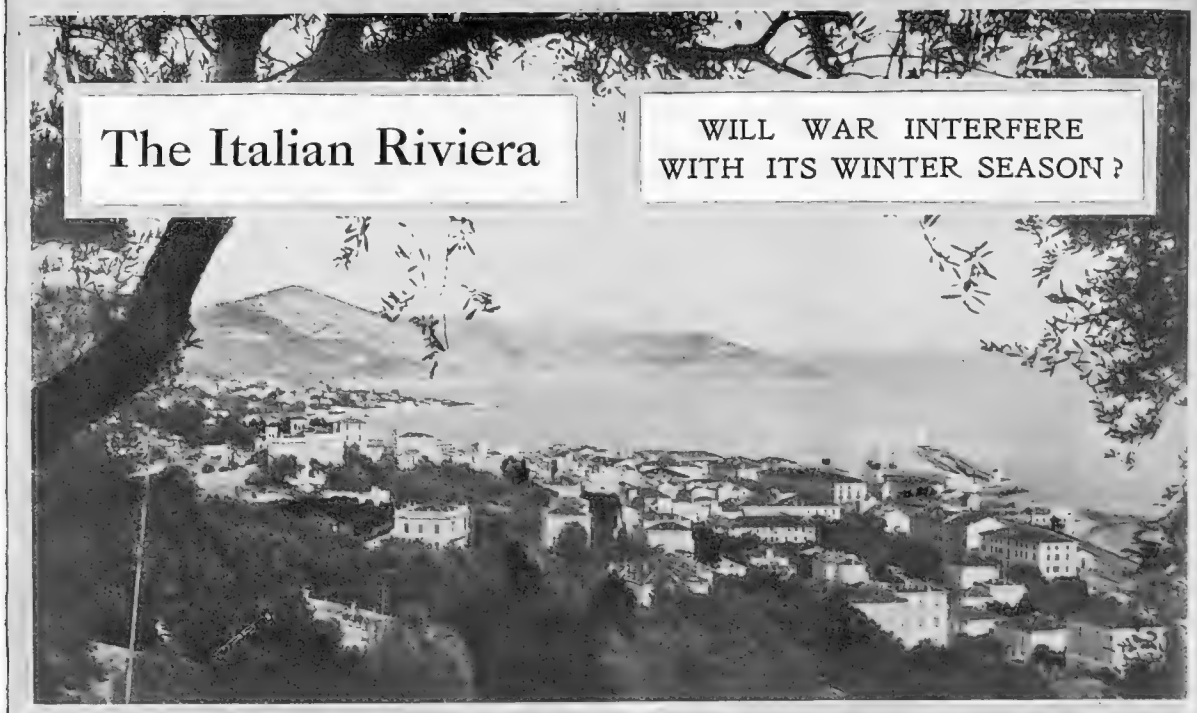
What Was Wanted

Lastly, I fail to see that the music helps the emotion of the drama in any way. Were it not for the curious instinctive dislike we have to watching anything silent for a long time, *Sumurûn* would appeal to us just as much without music as with. In any case, even if it does want music here and there, it wants remarkably clever, distinguished music, sensitive to every passing mood of the action, suggesting to the audience ideas too subtle to be materialised on the stage. For, as a matter of fact, the music of all good pantomime calls for an absolutely first-rate composer and not a mere craftsman or a perpetrator of ear-tickling jingles. So that, if Herr Holländer feels hurt, he should remember that we cannot all be Humperdinck or Rimsky-Korsakoff. But, on second thoughts, we might, even so, be better than Herr Holländer.

FRANCIS TOYE

The Italian Riviera

WILL WAR INTERFERE WITH ITS WINTER SEASON?



San Remo is a mediæval little city set in an amphitheatre of hills. It is the most "Ing'ese" of all the Italian Riviera, with a Casino, several churches, golf links, tennis courts, and all the comforts of home generally

What, business Italians are asking, will be the effect of the war on the tourist season? It is feared that the general unsettlement will prevent visitors from venturing far South this winter. Italy is also thickly sown with sedition and red Socialism. By his leaders the illiterate Italian has been taught to consider the war as unjustifiable, and as excuse for further oppressive taxes. On the other hand, there are the educated classes, who, as patriots, approve of the war, and hold very bitter feelings against the antagonism of other European nations to Italy's expansion. Thus foreign visitors will stand between the Scylla of revolt and the Charybdis of polite cynicism. It is a curious situation. Yet for the British tourist Italy's strip of palms and lemon groves has rarely offered such attraction as at present. For during many years the Italian Riviera has been swarmed by a particularly objectionable type of German, who wears aggressive clothes and who bellows guttural confidences in church and theatre. This year the German tourist is not journeying South owing to the vehement Press campaign against Italy. But this freedom from the Teuton yoke will probably prove a magnet for many lovers of Italy's Riviera.

Photographs] NERVI FOR THE ECONOMIST [*Photocrom*

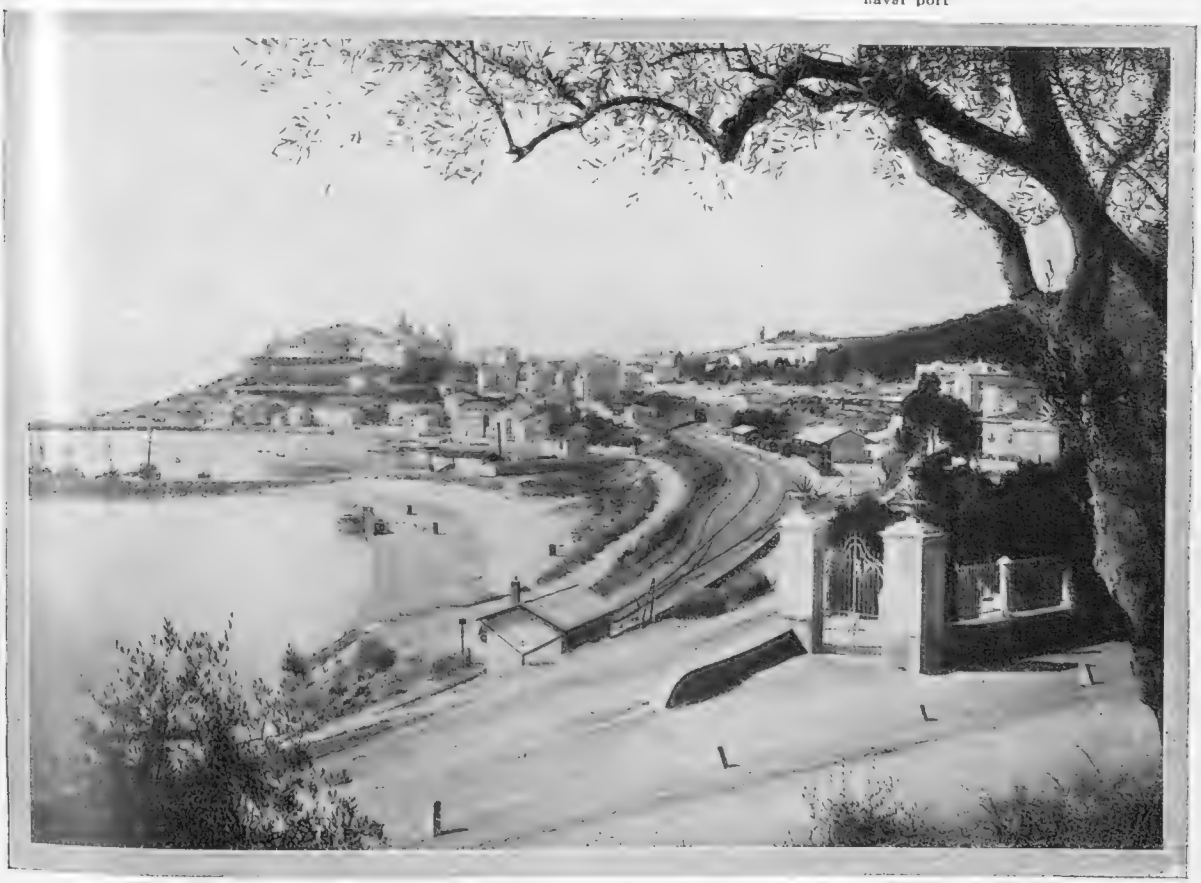
Nervi, in spite of its excellent climate in winter, seems to attract but very few English visitors. It has much to recommend it to those who like combining rest with economy, for villas and flats and living generally are wonderfully cheap

Because Free From the Teuton Tourists

THESE ITALIAN RIVIERAN TOWNS SHOULD ATTRACT ENGLISH ONES THIS SEASON

Pegli has been called the "Flitterwoche" centre, for its villas and hotels are swarmed with German honeymooners. "Achs!" and "Donnerwetters!" have hitherto prevented many Englishmen from visiting Italy's Riviera

Spezia is another favourite Teuton resort. This year it has been rudely awakened from its dream of flowers and blue skies by the clang of hammers and belching chimneys. Spezia is Italy's chief naval port



ITALY'S BEAUTIFUL LEVANTINE RIVIERA

Port Maurizio is another town of exotic gardens and olive groves, and another favourite retreat for Germans. This year, consequent on the bitter Press campaign against Italy, Germans are, by tacit consent, not journeying to these parts. English tourists may, therefore, anticipate a winter season undisturbed by the presence of their uncongenial cousins

The Woman Railway Worker—at Work

"WHAT WILL NOT WOMAN, GENTLE WOMAN, DARE?"—SOUTHEY

Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

Mrs. Merwood, who has for twenty-three years been Station Mistress of Whippingham, Isle of Wight, is an example of what a woman may be if she has courage enough to attempt what her femininity is supposed to forbid. Not only as station master, but as booking clerk, signalman and porter she performs her duties with perfect competence. Owing to the station being so close to Osborne House, she is well known by the whole of our Royal Family as well as most of the Crowned Heads of Europe

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

RE-CONSTITUTION

BY ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

Author of "Queen of Hearts," "The Fall of a Saint," etc., etc.

"I WANTED a desolate place, and, by Jove, I've found it!"

Such was the expression wrung from Rex Hillingdon by his first view of "Glenside Hotel." A two-miles drive from the station, chiefly along the line of the cliffs, had brought him up to a bold headland, on the inside of which, and facing the bay, was a square stone mansion. A fringe of wood skirting the drive accentuated, rather than relieved, the grim situation of the big stone building which had obviously been an old Manor House. Hillingdon had never been in Scotland before, and it was somewhat of a surprise to him that the British Isles should have been able to offer such grandeur of landscape and seascape.

He had been attracted to the place by an advertisement, and as it fulfilled his modest requirements—quiet and sea-bathing—he had obeyed the impulse to give it a trial.

Rex Hillingdon was one of those rare young men upon whom his small private income of £300 a year acted as an incentive to, and not as a deterrent from, hard work in his profession. It was the kind of income which makes all the difference in the world to the prospects of a young man at the Bar.

Unlike so many of his *confrères*, he could afford to wait for his chance. For him there was no fearful struggle to keep body and soul together by outside and precarious means of livelihood.

He could even afford to have a hobby—a hobby closely allied to his profession. It was crime. His reading of works of criminology was wide and discursive. Whenever the word crime leapt to his eyes from stall or shop-window he invariably bought the book. But though his reading was of a desultory and miscellaneous order, his wonderfully keen brain discriminated between the valuable and the worthless. The latter he forgot almost as soon as he had read it; the former he tabulated into his orderly scheme of things.

After a week's "slacking" on his forthcoming holiday, he was going to write a book upon his favourite subject.

"Not many distractions here," he chuckled to himself as he viewed the prospect.

He spent the day unpacking his "traps," unpacking his books, laying out his writing things, and pottering about the place. Like most men who work very hard, he found "pottering" the most delightful form of rest cure. At lunch he saw his one fellow-guest. They passed each other with a conventional greeting.

But Hillingdon, taught by his profession to read men at first sight, found the few words spoken by the stranger were quite sufficient to give him an impression.

"Man shy. Lived abroad—most of the time alone"—so ran the terms of his swift judgment. It was followed by the thought that the stranger, whose name he had learned was Watson, would not bother him much, a decision which filled him with satisfaction.

After tea, Hillingdon started on a ramble round the property. Starting out down the drive, a sudden impulse caused him to turn into the wood. Barely had he taken a dozen steps down the leaf-strewn pathway before the vista through the trees struck him as being familiar. The feeling was strong upon him that he had been in that wood before.

Hillingdon, cornered by the sensation, attempted to free himself from it by the conventional loopholes, both material and psychological. But an action of his own was not so easily explained. He found himself turned right round in the path and looking back through the trees. Through them he could see the window and part of the white-washed front of an outhouse. It was what he expected to see!

The next scene which sprang into his mind was a clearing in the brushwood, flanked by a sunk fence.

"If I see that—" he muttered and strode forward again.

The second shock was fully as great as the first. A turn in the path, and there on his left was the clearing. A sunk fence ran at an angle of 45 degs. to his line of vision. One more unconscious action. He found himself gazing intently at the trunk of the tree for—something. He repeated the phrase which has fallen from so many lips.

"This has all happened before," he said, and laughed in an uncertain, bewildered fashion. He went and sat down upon the stump of a tree to think out the situation.

For some minutes he sat with his head buried in his hands.

Then recollection pierced so suddenly through the mists in his brain that it was akin to a physical shock.

He sprang to his feet.

"The Carneltie Mystery," he cried, and commenced to go over the ground with the lynx eyes of a detective who knows that the most trivial stick or stone may prove the riddle to the crime.

. . . . .

That evening Hillingdon went straight to his room after dinner. He lit a pipe and took over a bulky volume of Press cuttings to his armchair. He had brought it down with him to make extracts for his monograph upon crime. But now he plunged into it for a much more vivid and exciting purpose.

Rapidly he turned over the leaves, and in a few moments was threading the maze of one of the most baffling murder mysteries of recent years.

He had been a boy when the case was tried in the

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Edinburgh High Court, but he recalled many references to the case. Moreover, he had frequently read through the evidence in the course of his studies in criminology.

True to his training, Hillingdon visualised the drama in the setting of a criminal court. He saw before him the judge upon the bench, the two rows of jurymen, the solicitors' table, counsel with tomes of typewritten sheets spread before them, the black-gowned ushers, the keen-eyed reporters now whispering to each other, now bent over their note-books, the constant swing of the doors to admit more and yet more arrivals into the packed well of the court.

In the dock was one whose countenance, carriage, the very cut of his clothes stamped him a gentleman. The prisoner was Noel Verreker, and he stood charged with the wilful murder of his ward, Gladys Lemaine, by shooting her on the evening of June 7, 1891, in the woods of Carneltie Manor.

Two motives for the crime were alleged by the prosecution: Jealousy and a financial interest in the death of Miles Engelbach, the rival suitor to the hand of Gladys Lemaine.

But far more interesting to the student of criminology was the medical evidence relating to the position of the body, the nature of the wound in the head, the shot marks on the trees—that ground upon which was fought one of the sternest battles between expert witnesses which has ever arisen out of a murder trial.

He read through the uncontroversial facts: That the girl was killed by a small single-barrel 20-bore gun, with which she was in the habit of shooting rabbits. And that when the alarm was given by Noel Verreker the body was found in the centre of a clearing in the wood.

So keen was Hillingdon's imagination that actual sentences formed in his brain. Counsel for the prosecution was addressing the Court.

"There are two possible alternatives. That Gladys Lemaine died in consequence of a gunshot accident from her own gun or that she was murdered by her guardian. No breath of suspicion falls upon any other person. . . .

"Everyone must see that the questions, Did the body lie on the spot where it fell after the fatal shot, or was it dragged into the clearing, lie at the very root of the case. . . .

"I shall call the strongest circumstantial evidence to show that the body lay where it fell, and that there is no truth in prisoner's contention that on finding the body he lifted it up and took it into the clearing for the purpose of making a better examination of the wound. . . .

"If Gladys Lemaine fell where she was shot and there lie without being moved afterwards, the theory of accidental death is not tenable. For there is nothing in the nature of the ground to cause her to stumble. An accident could only have taken place in the tangled undergrowth of the wood. Whereas the position of the body in the open is the strongest testimony to support the contention of the Crown that prisoner shot the girl from a distance of 15 to 20 feet while lying in ambush in the brushwood skirting the clearing. . . .

The shot marks on the trees in a line of fire obtained by the junction of two points—the place of ambush and the position of the body. . . .

"Accidents with guns may occur in a variety of ways. . . But I defy any man on the jury here to hold a gun in such a position as to inflict a wound on himself similar to that which caused the death of Gladys Lemaine. . . ."

. . . . . .

Hillingdon finished the case for the Crown. He mixed himself a whisky and soda and took a turn of the room.

Then he turned to the evidence for the defence. Once more phrases sang in his brain. Counsel for the panel, as he is called in Scotland, after disposing of the motive, had arrived at the real battle ground.

"And now for the actual shooting. Verreker states that he heard the gun, rushed out into the woods alarmed by a shot at that late hour, found the girl lying near the brushwood on the edge of the clearing, and instinctively lifted her and carried her into the open—where it was much more light, mark you—in order to examine her injuries. In a case where the wildest and most fantastic actions are alleged, it is refreshing to find an action so natural—I might almost say so commonplace—in its working. . .

"The point is much against me that there should have been no traces of the body having lain at the outskirts of the clearing. To that I answer that very little time elapsed between the shot and Verreker's appearance at the scene of the fatality, and that the medical evidence proves that the blood from the wound in the head was merely 'oozing.' In the tangled brushwood at the edge of the clearing such little blood as came from the wound would trickle down the long blades of grass and be absorbed in the ground. You will not forget, of course, that the occurrence was looked upon as an accident, and only next morning was there any question raised that a murder had been committed. . . .

"The most important question is as to the distance between the muzzle of the gun and the head of deceased. The prosecution pin their faith to a distance of 15 to 20 feet. But the medical evidence you have heard must convince you that at that distance there would have been a much greater scattering of the shot than was actually the case in the wood. . . .

"You are asked to find against this man because a score or so of pellets were found in the trees continuing a line drawn from the place where the accused is *supposed* to have lurked and the place where the body is *supposed* to have fallen. Yet a cartridge contains between 200 and 300 pellets. What of the rest of them? . . ."

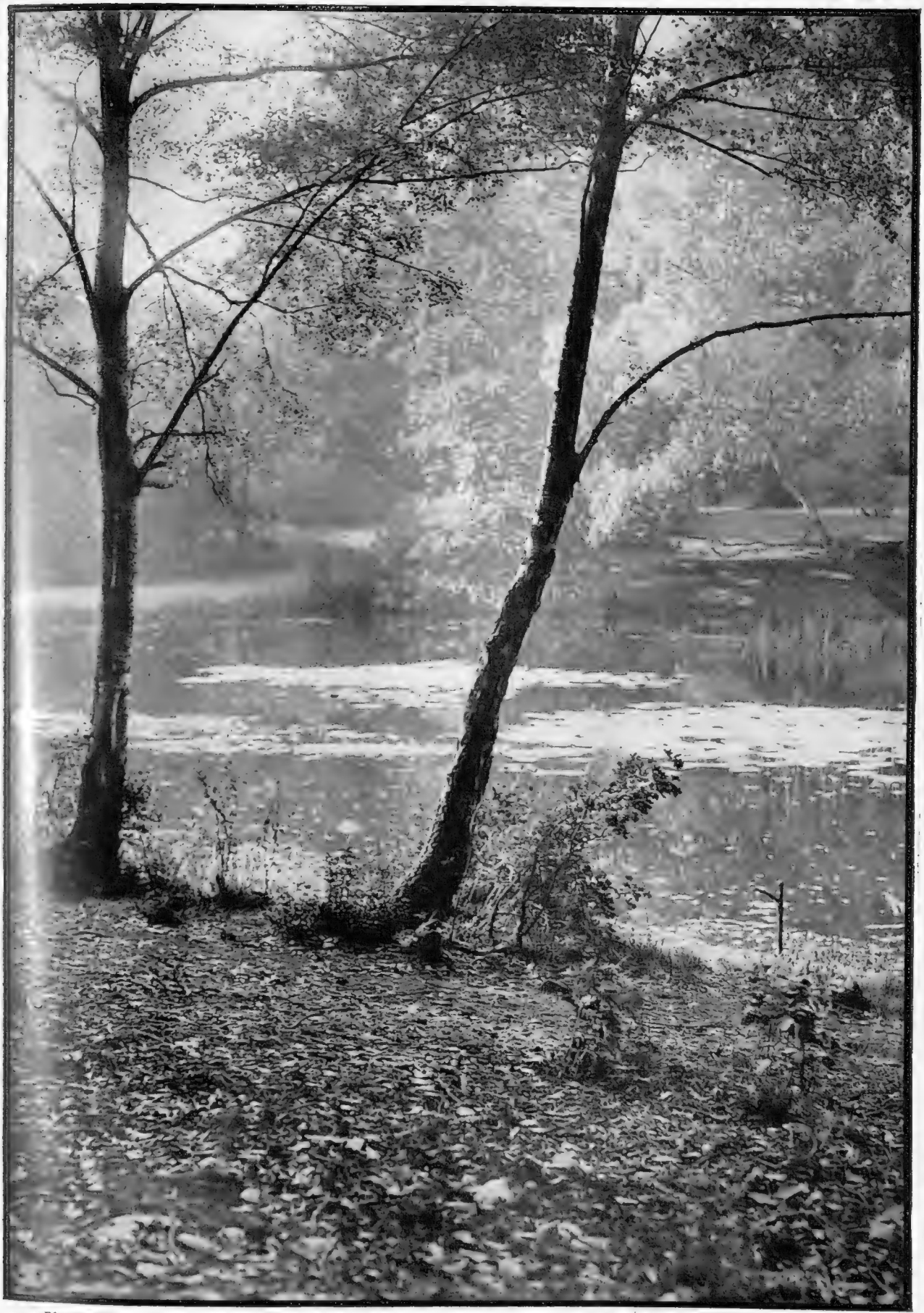
Hillingdon, now thoroughly gripped by the case, rose from his chair. Striding up and down, he commenced to hold the balance as the judge is trained to do after hearing two controversial opinions, urged with all the skill and strenuousness possessed by the two advocates. The final stage of the case was reached. A pale figure arose in the jury box, and in a thin, strained voice pronounced the verdict peculiar to Scottish law—"Not proven, my lord."

. . . . . .

Hillingdon, exhausted by his assumption of the

Untidy Autumn's Loveliness

THE FALL OF THE LEAF AT BURNHAM BEECHES



Photograph] "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallambrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd embower." . . —MILTON [*H. W. Nicholls*

different rôles in this drama, went to the window and flung it open. It was a perfect night. The moon threw clear-cut shadows of the deepest black velvet, and the open spaces glimmered like silver pools. Every detail of the landscape could be picked out as though it were broad daylight. His eyes turned naturally to the fringe of wood, the scene of the drama which he had so vividly visualised.

The old, old question revolved in his brain.

"Could this man have been guilty of this deed?"

His latest reading had started him upon a new line of thought. The prosecution averred that the fatal shot was fired at a distance of from 15 to 20 feet. The defence, on the other hand, had a wealth of medical evidence to establish the fact that the proximity of the muzzle to the head of deceased could not have been a matter of more than a few inches. A startling theory had evolved itself out of the complexities of the case.

What if Verreker, with diabolical cunning, had shot the girl as he stood beside her? No suspicion of his murderous intent could conceivably have been entertained by her. And this plan would have lent much more colour to the suggestion that the gun had gone off accidentally at close range.

For some few minutes he wrestled with this new problem. It entailed a careful and detailed consideration of features which an examination of the ground might yield—such features as the line of fire, the shot-marked trees, the area of the clearing, the exact position of the body, etc.

Included in his Press cuttings on the case was a rough sketch map of the scene of the tragedy. He had also examined the ground but a few hours previously. But his new theory could only be properly analysed by a further examination of the scene.

Hardly had the thought formed itself in his brain before it was followed by a question so apposite, and yet so arresting, that he started back as though it had been addressed to him by another person in the room.

"Why should he not go out at once and give a practical test to his theory?"

The beauty of the night favoured his design. Why wait for the day, which could shed no greater light upon the scene?

His exultation at the thought was followed by a slight shiver of horror. Hillingdon knew that delay would be fatal to his plan. Once he commenced to dwell upon the eeriness of his quest, he felt that his courage to face it might evaporate. Even a brave man might think twice about visiting a lonely copse at midnight—the scene of a crime upon which he had dwelt the whole evening in all the snug security of his room. But excitement over his new theory carried the day. Almost before he was aware that his brain had given his body the command, he found himself stealing out of the silent house, bound for a side-door which gave egress from the offices of the house.

This door, which he had noted that afternoon, would be much more suitable for his purpose than the great front door of the Manor House with all its bolts and bars.

Once outside, he made a wide *détour* to the left, so as to avoid the drive, and entered the wood from a point where he could not possibly be observed from the house.

Hillingdon had wondered what his sensations would be as he approached the scene of the crime. Now he had no longer any doubt. He was gripped by a desire to turn back which was almost overwhelming.

He found himself starting at the mysterious sounds which broke the stillness of the place. There were strange rustlings, and shiftings, and tappings which his common sense told him came from the birds and animals who were denizens of the woods. But common sense was utterly swamped by the working of his imagination. Only by an iron determination could he force himself to thread the overgrown paths which led to the clearing. More than once he stopped and listened, and went on after wiping the sweat from his forehead. He began to fear the soft thud of his feet upon the pine needles and the rustlings and the crackling as he forced his way through the bracken and tangled undergrowth.

He checked a strong inclination to run so that he might get his gruesome task over.

Again he tried to reason with himself. This was no state of mind in which to enter upon a cool and deliberate examination of the scene of the crime. But fear—nameless, chilling fear—had him in its sway.

Now, at last, he was at the very edge of the clearing, and was peering through the bushes at the moonlit space which had been the scene of such a ghastly crime twenty years ago.

He attempted to steady himself by taking in the dispositions of the place, which, somehow, seemed so different from what it had been when he examined it that afternoon.

He found himself nervously gazing at the opening where, as the prosecution alleged, Verreker had fired the fatal shot, thence to the spot where the body had lain, and so following the line of fire to the trees upon which he could place the shot marks which had so long disappeared. But this spasmodic, almost affrighted, examination was useless for his purpose.

He had settled down to a determined struggle with the tremors which afflicted him when he became aware of a new character to the noises of the wood. Before they had been intermittent. Now they were continuous. It burst upon him that they were such noises as he himself had made.

Someone was approaching through the wood!

Hillingdon had ceased to breathe, and all his muscles stiffened. It seemed to him that he must stay there, rigid and almost lifeless, until the intruder broke the spell. He longed for the man to come. Anything was better than this suspense. The sounds grew nearer and louder.

The stranger was approaching by the path which led from the drive, and as Hillingdon interpreted the sounds, must reach the clearing from the opposite side to where he stood.

At last he appeared in the opening, and Hillingdon was able to see his features, illumined by the moonlight. Hillingdon had only seen him once, but so recently that he could not be mistaken. It was his fellow-guest at the hotel—Watson.

A cry of mingled relief and inquiry froze on Hillingdon's lips. There was something peculiar about

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"Happy is the man who eats only when he hungers and drinks only when he thirsts."

G. B. Cipriani, Fecit **AUTUMN.** *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi*

"I love to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst."—WHITMAN.

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Watson's actions. Or, perhaps, it was the way he was carrying his stick, through the fold of his arm—like a gun.

He came through the opening and advanced a few steps into the clearing. Then he paused, and giving a half-turn, stopped dead.

His face was turned full in the direction of Hillingdon, who was gazing into his wide-open eyes. In those staring eyes Hillingdon read the secret of Watson's strangeness.

The man was asleep!

Hillingdon strove to advance gently with the object of leading Watson back to the house without awakening him. He had heard it was dangerous to awaken a man walking in his sleep. But he found himself robbed of the force of action, as though held in a vice. A little voice in his brain told him to wait.

"For what?" he asked himself.

Three eternal seconds passed, and then Watson answered him in pantomime much more terrible than words. Raising the stick to his shoulder as though it were a gun, he pulled an imaginary trigger, and then, dropping it, fell on his knees and stooped over with outstretched hands.

He was on the spot where Gladys Lemaine had been found, and the action of his hands was such as a man makes when he examines a prostrate body for signs of life.

The revelation woke Hillingdon from his stupor and wrung a fearful sound between a scream and a shout from his lips.

Watson turned round, and life shot into his unseeing eyes. But not for long. One despairing look he gave at the man who had awakened him, and then, with a gurgling sound, he pitched over on to his face.

Hillingdon bent down and pawed nervously over the prostrate form as a layman might.

After a few minutes he tore through the woods to give the alarm, and presently, in company with the landlord and two of the men-servants, he helped to carry Watson's dead body into the house.

. . . . .

The whole story of the Carneltie crime is engraved upon the tombstone of the man who died from heart failure following shock in the woods of Glenside Hotel. But only one man in the world can read it in its entirety. The man is Hillingdon, and for him the name revealed at the inquest suffices—the name, "NOEL VERREKER." ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

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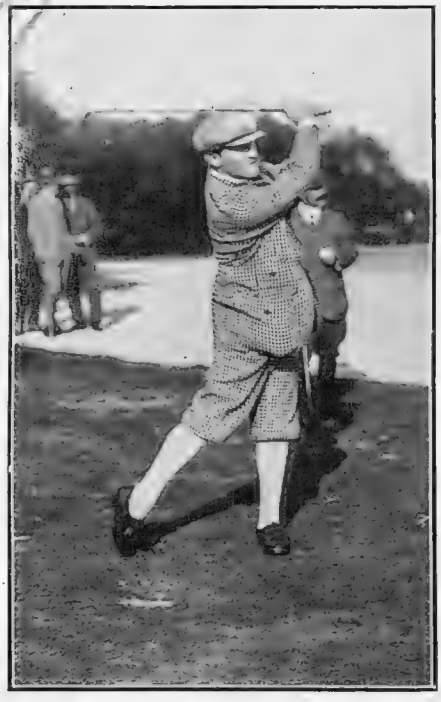
GOLF

The "News of the World" Tournament

The tournament instituted by the *News of the World* is now in its ninth year, and it is scarcely too much to say that it has saved the match-game from being entirely neglected by the professionals. Since it was first started it has been the means of bringing into prominence several young players who might otherwise have had to wait many years before establishing their reputation. This year's event was played at Walton Heath, where it had previously been played in 1905 and 1909, and though not so rich in dramatic surprises as some of its predecessors, it yet gave us several thrilling matches, ending up with a final between Braid and Ray, which kept up the interest till the last hole had been played.

Sherlock's Downfall

The first day's play was made remarkable by an extraordinary tussle between Sherlock and Herd. In a sense I am glad that I did not see this match, for there is nothing more painful than to watch two fine players like Herd and Sherlock engaged in chucking the match at each other's heads in positively childish fashion. When I saw Sherlock playing Williamson in the afternoon he told me that he felt he had no right to survive. The strain, too, had left him a mere ghost of himself, and he duly succumbed to the remorseless steadiness of Williamson. This eminently sound player, for whose powers I have always had the greatest respect, has added immensely to his reputation by his performance in this tournament. In the semi-final he gave Braid a tremendous fight; indeed, he had that player beaten to all intents and purposes when he was two up and three to play, but two loose tee shots gave Braid the chance to square the match, and eventually to win it at the twenty-second hole, after a finish which none who saw it will ever forget. Meantime Ray had disposed of Harry Vardon, and so prevented the two quintuple champions from meeting in the final. But Vardon struck a bad patch of putting, and throughout the tournament was not in quite his best form. He had brilliant streaks, but failed in steadiness. He has yet to win his spurs in this event, for he has not yet got into the final in any year.



LORD CASTLEROSSE PLAYING FOR THE IRISH ZINGARI

In Ireland the Zingari are a team of golfers—not cricketers. They inaugurated their first tour in England recently with a match against the Lytham and St. Anne's Club, in which, by the way, they were rather heavily beaten. Our illustration shows Lord Castlerosse driving off from the first tee

Putting Fever

The day of the final was extremely disagreeable for players and spectators alike, a cold north-east wind and driving rain making the morning round very difficult for the players. Naturally, most people fancied Braid's chances as he was on his own course, had beaten Ray in the final at Sunningdale in 1903, the first year of the tournament, and had won also in 1905 and 1907. But Ray had shown such good form in all his matches that it was felt to be quite on the cards that he should master the great man on his own heath. There was, too, one element in favour of Ray. Let me whisper the news with bated breath. There has been trouble between Braid and his famous aluminium putter, reminiscent of that painful time at Deal two years ago.

The Recent Quarrel

The quarrel of that year broke out afresh recently, and James decided on another temporary separation, the fresh light of the putting harem taking the shape of a "Dominie" putter, the invention, I believe, of that fertile genius, Ben Sayers. This instrument is very like a "Gem" putter made of aluminium, and though in the hands of the gigantic Braid it looked singularly incongruous and toylike, it served its purpose and brought him through unscathed. Ray, on the other hand, who is rarely troubled with putting fever, had a bad attack during the final, and could do nothing right with his aluminium favourite. He made the fatal mistake of chopping and changing between it and a cleek putter, and to this lapse more than anything else his defeat must be attributed.

How Braid Scraped Home

The match was a most curious one to watch, and each player committed mistakes at critical moments which were surprising in players of their experience and calibre. When Braid had established a lead of six holes at the turn in the afternoon it looked all over bar the shouting. But Ray hung on in most determined fashion, and having finally settled on his cleek putter, proceeded to hole out with great precision. If he had managed a quite holeable putt at the thirteenth hole the match might well have gone beyond the thirty-sixth hole. But Braid just managed to hang on to the last of his

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half-dozen lead. He really won the match by his play in the fifth, sixth, and seventh holes, his record at the last of these holes being positively glorious. All honour to Ray for his plucky finish, and warm congratulations to Braid on his fourth win. ERNEST LEHMANN

LAWN TENNIS

A New Tournament at Biarritz

I have lately been taking a sort of busman's holiday, at the first open tournament held at Biarritz, and it has been a decidedly novel and entertaining experience. What pleased me most was to find grass courts—and very good grass courts, too—in a land where grass courts are almost, if not quite, unknown. The tournament was promoted by the Biarritz Golf Club, and Mr. W. M. Corrie, the secretary of the Club (who in former years was a prominent member and official of the Woking Golf Club), takes almost as much pride in his tennis courts as in his greens; in fact, it was quite refreshing to find a born golfing expert devoting so much energy to what is ordinarily regarded as an opposition game, and the result is a sort of *entente cordiale* between golfers and tennis players at Biarritz such as one rarely meets with in England.

The Spanish Players

The tennis tournament was the first I have seen in which not a solitary Englishman was competing. Biarritz is said to have an English season, but if it has, I presume it must be when England is in the throes of winter. Consequently, the entry for the tournament was made up almost entirely of French and Spanish players, and, as Biarritz is only ten miles distant from the Spanish frontier, the latter were, if anything, in the majority. Moreover, there were none of the very best French players present—though several of them were expected—and in their absence matters were pretty well even between the representatives of the two nations. My knowledge of Spanish form was practically confined to what I had read or been told, and although in this way I had got to know that the Spaniards were taking very kindly to the game, I was agreeably surprised to find them much more proficient than I had anticipated. The best of them, C. Caro, won the Championship of Spain last year; this year he was successfully challenged by J. Alonso, but I am told that there is really "nothing in it" between the two, and, assuming this to be so, I should place the Spanish champion, from what I saw of Caro's play, a point or two on the plus side of scratch, if he were playing in a first-class handicap in England.

THE HELMSMAN OF THE BIARRITZ GOLF CLUB

Mr. W. M. Corrie (in the centre) and two friends in the garden of the Club. Besides looking after the golf, in his capacity of Secretary, Mr. Corrie "runs" the tennis section of the Club, and has recently inaugurated a successful tournament on its lawns

Their Chief Weakness

The Spaniards' trouble, of course, is that they don't get sufficient practice against men who can beat them, and this is shown by their style of play. Caro, for instance, is a fine natural player, left-handed, with a clean, hard drive both fore and back-handed, and a decided aptitude for volleying. But he is comparatively slow and subject to attacks of carelessness, simply because he is not confronted sufficiently often with the need to "hustle" and "keep going." A more painstaking player, only slightly inferior to Caro, is I. Olazabal; he can hit very hard forehanded when he likes, and he generally "lets go" at the right moment, but on the backhand side he is distinctly vulnerable. The best of the Frenchmen was P. Fourgassié, a member of the Racing Club of Paris, and one of the best exponents of the "chop" stroke I have ever seen. The final for the Biarritz Challenge Cup lay between Fourgassié and Caro, and it was a pity that Caro had to give his opponent a walk-over owing to temporary indisposition, for they were very evenly matched, and a close fight would undoubtedly have resulted. Some compensation for this disappointment was afforded by the final of the Handicap Singles, in which Fourgassié and Olazabal met on level terms and played like heroes. Olazabal just won by 6—4 in the final set after a match which, on the form shown, would have compared favourably with many an English open final. As for the tournament itself, with the exception of one or two trifling drawbacks, and an inopportune break up of the weather towards its close, everything seemed to go off well, and the meeting promises to become an annual affair.

Where to Golf—and Recuperate

Golf is, perhaps, the most health-giving pastime in existence, especially when played upon such links as those at Turnberry, a place on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway. The links are of the most sporting nature, and run along beside the sea, thus enabling the golfer to enjoy the benefit of the sea-air whilst indulging in his favourite pastime. The views obtained from some of the holes cannot be excelled on any other course in the kingdom. The railway company have provided splendid facilities for the business men of the South. Within a few hours the visitor from Manchester or Liverpool will find himself in the luxurious hotel at Turnberry, which is itself controlled by the Glasgow and South-Western Railway. It should be said in conclusion that the climate of Turnberry is ideal, warm, with a low rainfall, and fog and snow are practically unknown.

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RACING NOTIONS

CESAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE. By CARBINE

Willonyx's Great Win

If you have a spark of good sportsmanship within you or any admiration for a grand horse, you will not fail to have been moved to enthusiasm by Willonyx's latest victory, whether you had backed him or not. It was the most inspiring performance of the whole season. I myself, while pointing out his chance in these pages, considered he had a bit too much weight, and had the conditions not been so precisely favourable to him he would certainly have failed in his great task. But it is churlish to talk of what might have been. What we have to acknowledge is the undoubted brilliance of the achievement, and it is good to know that the British stud can still turn out such magnificent thoroughbreds as the latest winner of the Cesarewitch.

A Cambridgeshire Tip

The Cambridgeshire is the next thorny problem before us. If we are to accept Mercutio's race at Newmarket last week as correct, Mr. Hibbert's horse should be something like a 3 to 1 chance, but I have doubts whether the race in question was truly run. My idea is that the jockeys of The Story and Mushroom were obsessed with the belief that they were the only two in the race, and thus allowed Trigg on Mercutio to steal a march on them. In any case, we should have to respect Mercutio's chance in the Cambridgeshire, for he has performed very consistently since he won the Lincolnshire Handicap, and I shall expect him to finish well in the front rank next week. For Hornet's Beauty I still have high regard, and it would not greatly amaze me to see him cut down his field just as the other top-weight, Willonyx, did last week. To either of these, however, I prefer at the moment of writing **Trepida**, whose recent performances prove that she is a much better mare than the handicappers believed her to be. If she is started for the Cambridgeshire instead of Grammont, who has been very disappointing lately, I shall not be surprised to see her successful.

At Sandown Park

This will be the chief meeting of the present week. On Thursday rather a moderate lot will compete for the valuable Sandown Foal Stakes, and I look for the success of **Cherry King**, who has probably most to fear from Sobieski. In spite of her penalty, **Jessica** should secure the Orleans Nursery. On the following afternoon I suppose it is of no use to look beyond **Lemberg** in the Touchstone Stakes, though Mirador would win in his absence. The Combe Plate may be taken by **Papavero**, and the Great Sapling Plate by **Absurd**, who, in my opinion, is the best two-year-old in training, better even than Lomond or Belleisle. On Saturday we have a foretaste of the steeplechasing season, when **Vinegar Hill** may win the Park Steeplechase and **Rhine-na-Shark** the Busbridge Steeplechase.

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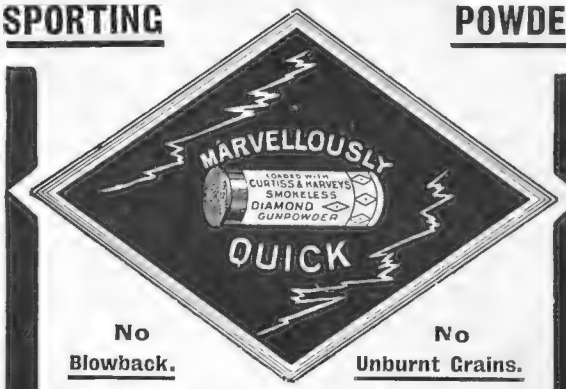

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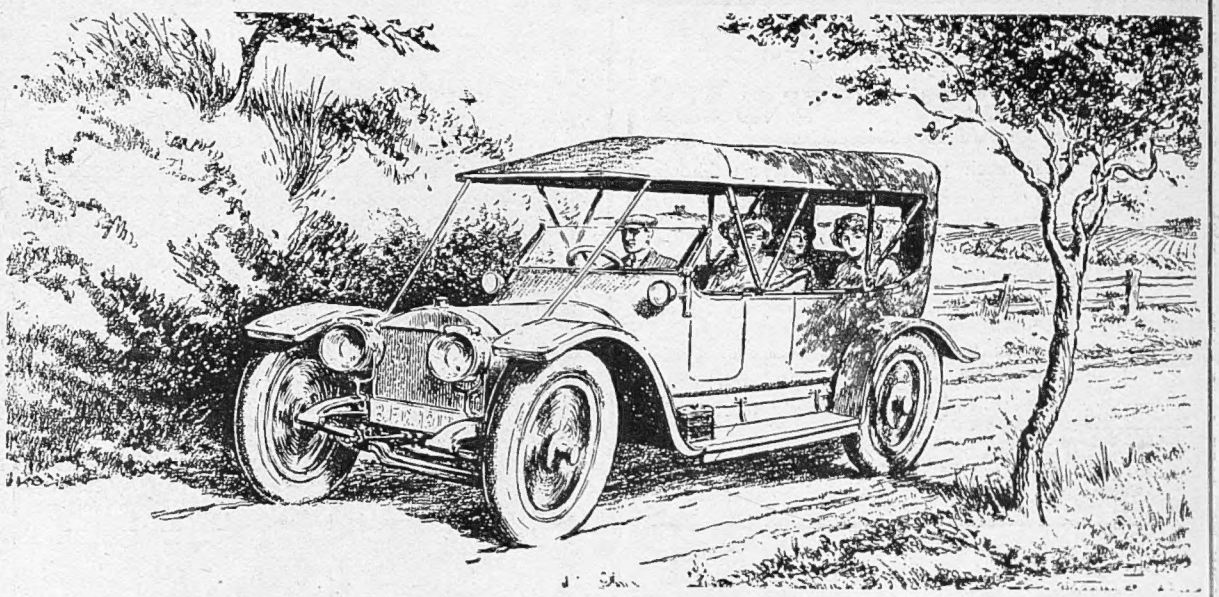

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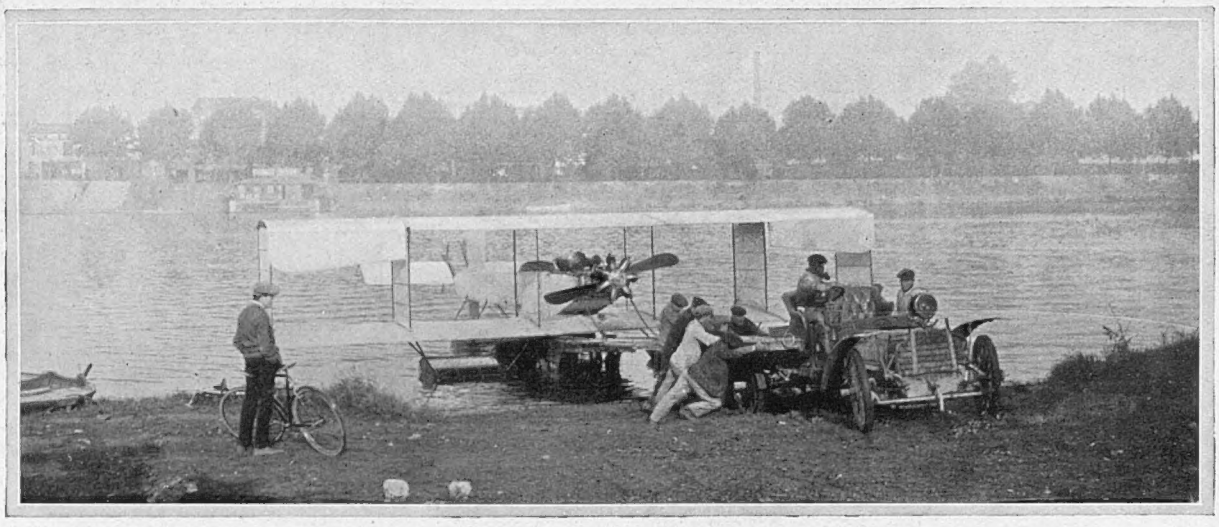


MOTORING IN THREE ELEMENTS

Except that the sea in this case is a river, the photograph realises "The Bystander" heading "By Land, Sea, and Sky" excellently. The air-mobile (the Canard-Voisin biplane) is also the water-mobile, and is being towed out by the land-mobile

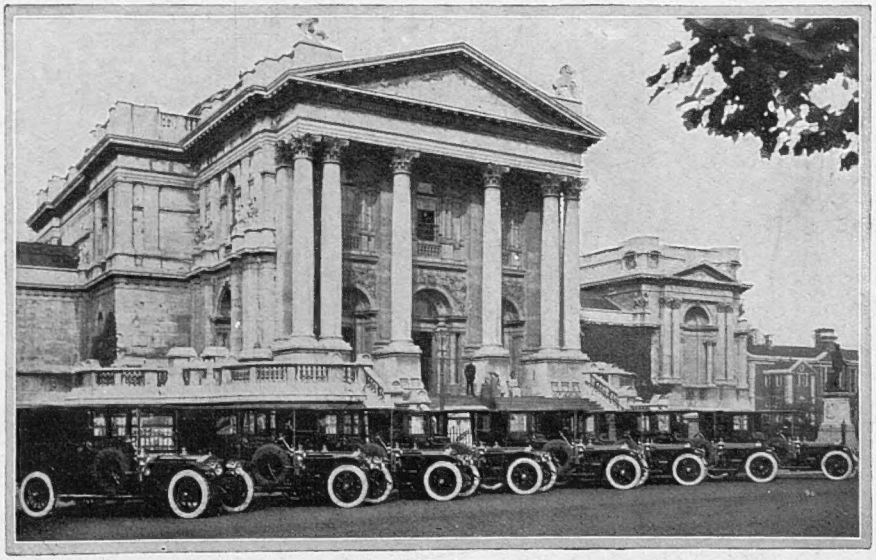
MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

The Rout of the Medicine Men

Gradually the nostrums of the medicine men of a less enlightened age are being swept into the archives of merely curious things to await the day when they will be resurrected for the amusement of the people who know better. The orthodox irons, and tonics, and blood mixtures for nerves and anæmia and the like, seem in danger of following the three small live frogs, placed on the tongue and encouraged to jump down the throat for the cure of consumption, into the obscurity of disusage. The "large tablespoonful three times a day" is a dying industry, with few to mourn. And the automobile comes forward to take their places as a larger, saner, and more efficient instrument in the restoration and maintenance of health. Its beneficent influences have long been acknowledged by medical men. I have known it to be advised in certain working-class cases, and although motoring might seem a preposterous recommendation in such circumstances, the patient followed his directions loyally, to his marked advantage and astonishment—on a motor-'bus! Quite recently I had presented to me the instance of a man broken in health who spent a week travelling around London on the same democratic automobile, and was put upon the road to a cure thereby. And I can well believe it now that the omnibus company is running a vehicle (of its own manufacture and at a chassis cost, I believe, of about £300), so well-sprung, so smooth, and silent, and of such powers of acceleration as the new "Generals."

A New Use for the Speed-Limit

But while the tonic properties of motoring have been admitted in a wide sense, there has, until now, been no effort to tabulate data and create formulæ upon strictly scientific grounds. Now, however, we have a little school of French physicians who have laboured in the production of a classification by which the "dose" (duration and speed) may be prescribed in particular cases with maximum benefit to the patient. By an examination of the number and contents of the red corpuscles in the blood, Professor Mouneyrat has apparently been able to gauge fairly definitely the improvement made, and has established it that the results far exceed in benefit anything that the most potent pills and blood mixture that ever inspired nausea in mankind have to record on the credit side of their ledgers. The delivery of air under the pressure of 20 m.p.h. speed (the most beneficial pace) is a cure for insomnia, nerve trouble, indigestion, and a host of other ailments to which human flesh is



FOR THE DURBAR

The Rolls-Royce cars now on the road to Delhi, for use at the Durbar, by instruction of the Government of India, who may be congratulated upon their discrimination. They could not have chosen better

heir. A maximum five or six hours a day at the maximum speed (20 m.p.h.) the law allows, gives the maximum improvement. This, according to Dr. Legroux. The L.G.B. and Parliament may, therefore, congratulate themselves upon a speed-limit which has at least one thing to commend it—to our great surprise! Once again, therefore, the car appears in the character of a beneficent and reforming agent. It is remedying the errors of centuries, transforming methods of transport and road-making, developing a nation as well as a national industry, and now is like to repair the ravages of wrong living in the human economy! I imagine that if we had not emerged from the dusk of the gods we should be in some danger of making ourselves another graven image, idealising the car before which to worship.

Unravelling Traffic Tangles

Talking of the automobile as a beneficent agent reminds me. The only hope of solution for the traffic tangles of cities resides in the motor vehicle, according to high police authority. It moves quicker and with more certainty, occupies less space, carries a greater weight. If the horse were abolished entirely, that staggering, heaving flood of traffic with which we are painfully familiar in London, for example, and from which we beg with much devotion to be delivered every time we get into it in a hurry, would flow at a much greater speed. It seems absurd that a heavily laden horsed waggon proceeding down a main artery like Cheapside can practically dam the whole of that important thoroughfare one way. (I daresay the traffic so held up returns the compliment very vigorously—but that by the way.) Yet that is the position for which we are without a remedy of any sort apart from the automobile. It makes rather a pretty spectacle, this of the police, at one time the greatest enemy of the car in the country, praying for the coming of the car to solve the problem of the town.

In Compression

An error in the title of an illustration last week robbed the Austin car of an acknowledgment of a highly creditable performance. The photograph was alleged to have been of the two Sunbeams which won the Standard Car Race handsomely at the last Brooklands meeting. As a matter of fact, the cars were Mr. Coatalen's 30.1 h.-p. Sunbeam and Mr. Percy Lambert's 19.6 h.-p. Austin. In the 100 m.p.h. Long Handicap over eight and a half miles, these two cars were in hot contest for first place, which the Sunbeam secured by about two lengths at a speed of 81¾ m.p.h. In the 100 m.p.h. Short Handicap the Austin was "placed," being third to Phil Ray's 48.6 h.-p. Berliet and Alan Mander's 59.1 h.p. Mercédès. Two excellent achievements indeed.

The road to Delhi, how to get there, what to do there, what to see on the road, what to carry for comfort, where to go, where petrol and supplies may be obtained, and, in fact, everything a motorist is likely to want to know, is included in the "Dunlop Motorists' Guide," free upon application to the Dunlop Tyre Company at 14, Regent Street, London, S.W. An excellently helpful brochure, copiously mapped and embracing an offer to make arrangements for the clearance of the car at Bombay and its unpacking and garaging pending the arrival of the owner. That offer will save much loss of time and much inconvenience. It is generously made, and will, doubtless, be largely taken advantage of.

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